

TALES CALCULATED TO DRIVE YOU



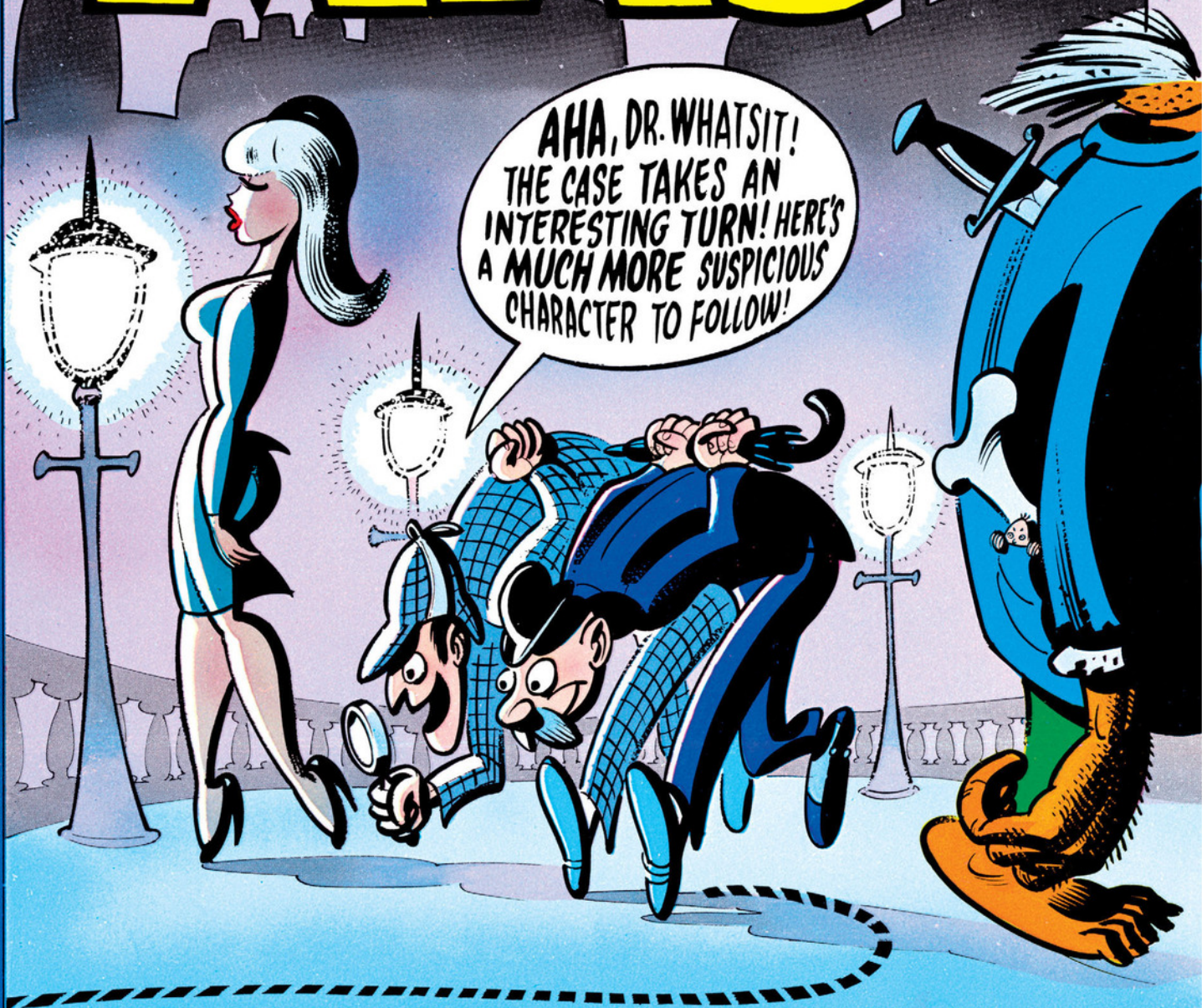
No. 7
OCT.-NOV.



MAD

10¢

AHA, DR. WHATSIT!
THE CASE TAKES AN
INTERESTING TURN! HERE'S
A MUCH MORE SUSPICIOUS
CHARACTER TO FOLLOW!



H. Kurtz



B. ELDER

IF YOU HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO FIND 'MAD' ON YOUR LOCAL NEWSSTAND...

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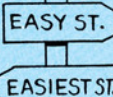
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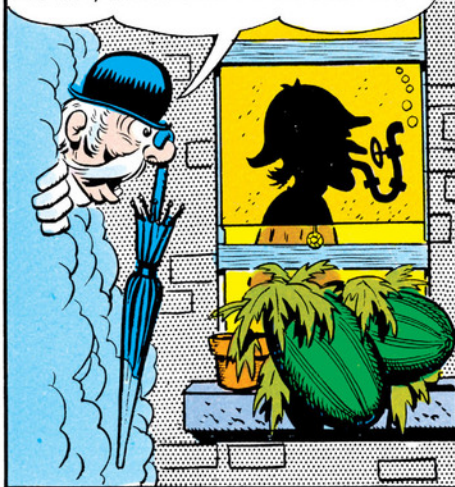
SHERMLOCK SHOMES!



OHO! I SAY, BY JOYE, HYAR IT IS SHO' NUFF! ^{2 1/2} BAKER STREET... I WONDER IF HERMLOCK IS SHOME... ER... ER... IF SHERMLOCK IS HOME...?



AHA! THERE'S THE OLD RASCAL'S SHADOW ON THE WINDOW SHADE NOW, SMOKING HIS SHAG TOBACCO ... A PERFECT TARGET FOR ARTY-MORTY, SHOMES'S ARCH-ENEMY!



BY JOVE! THERE'S ARTY-MORTY NOW!

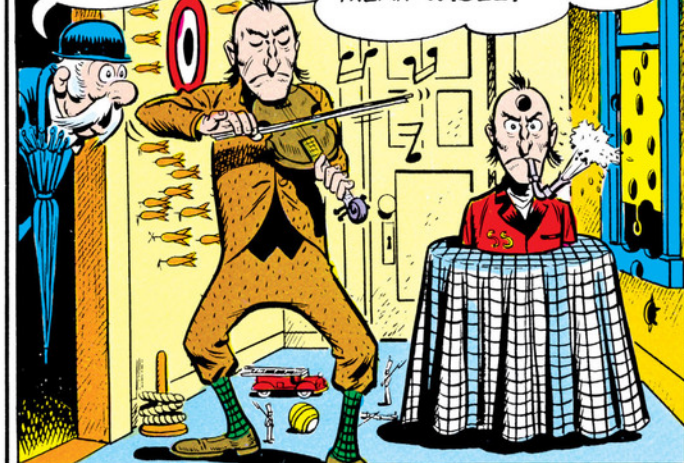


...LITTLE DOES ARTY-MORTY KNOW THAT THAT SHADOW IS MERELY CAST ON THE WINDOW SHADE BY A LIFELESS STATUE ... A REPLICA OF SHERMLOCK SHOMES!



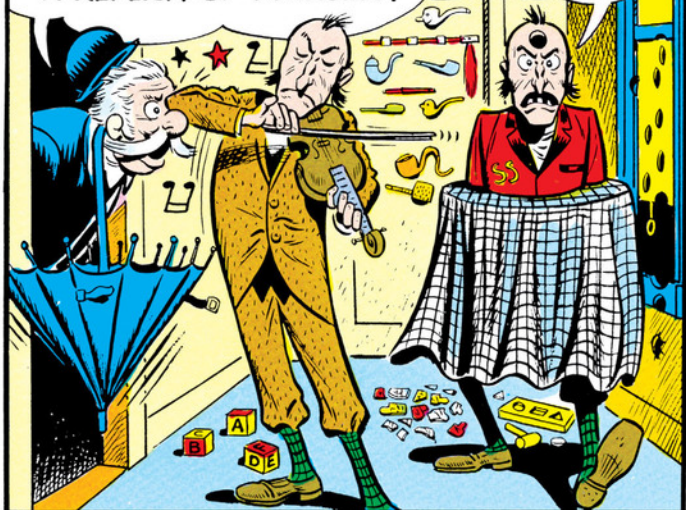
AH, SHOMES! PLAYING THE VIOLIN AS USUAL TO HELP YOU THINK!

CLEVER TRICK THAT... CASTING A SHADE SHADOW OF SHERMLOCK SHOMES WITH A SHTATSHUE SHTANDING ON A SHABLE... BLFT... SPUT... I MEAN **TABLE!**

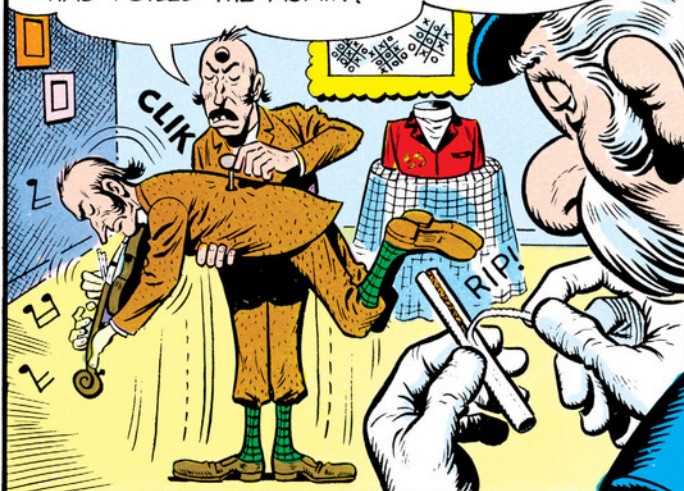


... LITTLE DID ARTY-MORTY KNOW THAT THAT SHADOW IS MERELY CAST BY A LIFELESS STATUE... A REPLICA OF YOURSELF!

... WRONG AGAIN, WHATSIT!

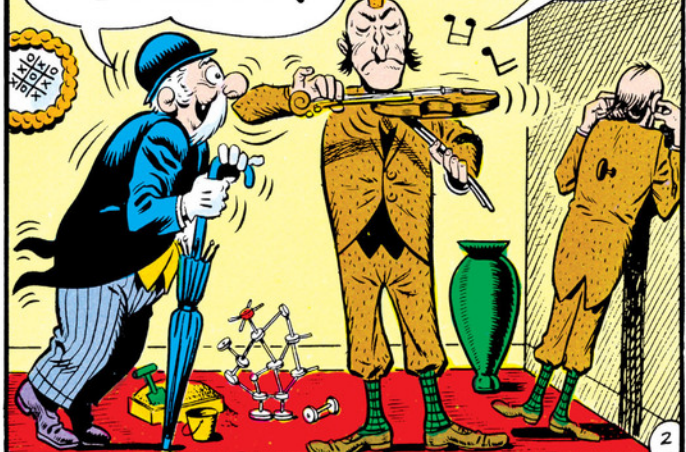


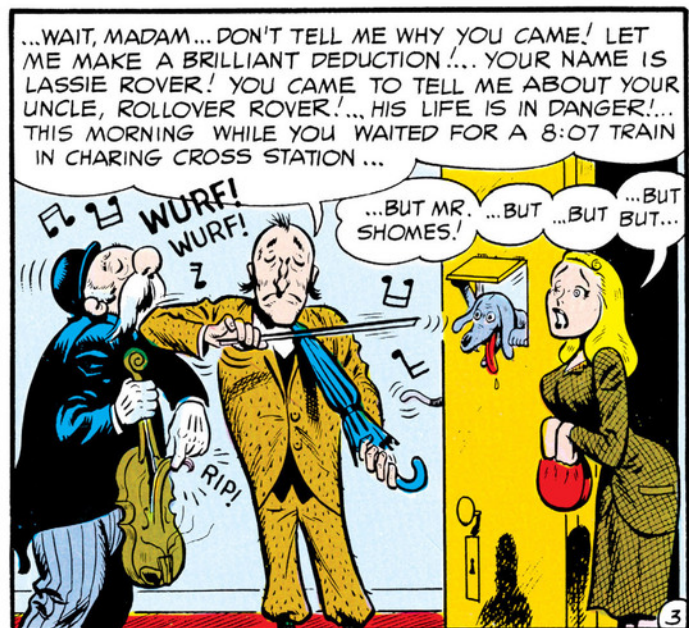
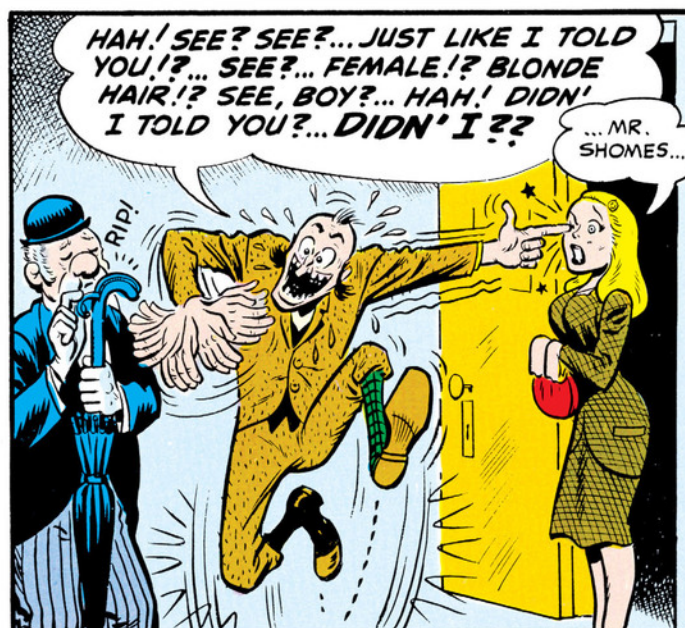
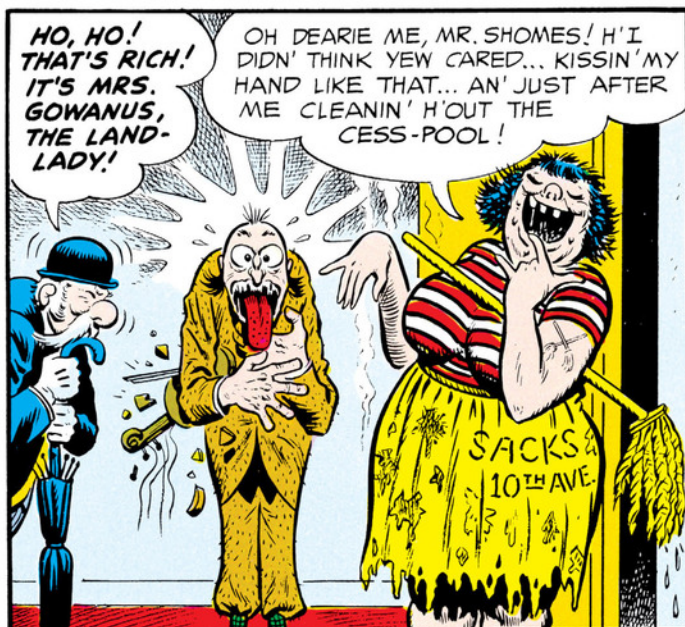
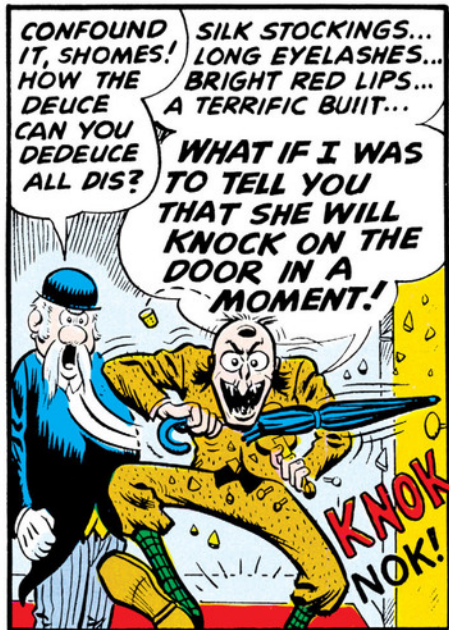
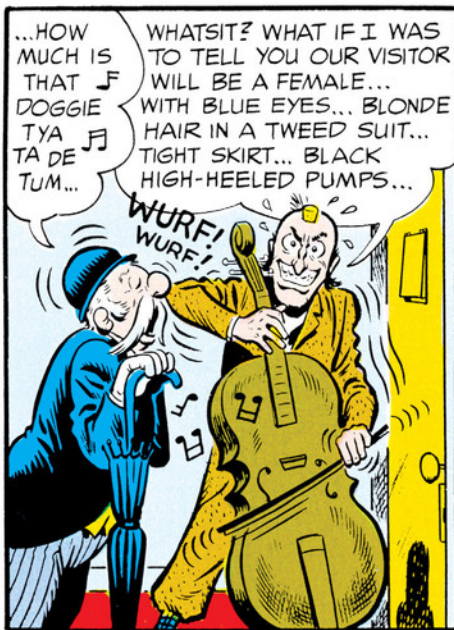
THE STATUE IS REAL! ... THE VIOLIN PLAYER IS A LIFELESS STATUE ... A REPLICA OF MYSELF, CLEVERLY MANIPULATED BY WATCH-WORKS TO MOVE ABOUT AND TO PLAY THE VIOLIN! ... ARTY-MORTY HAS FOILED ME AGAIN!

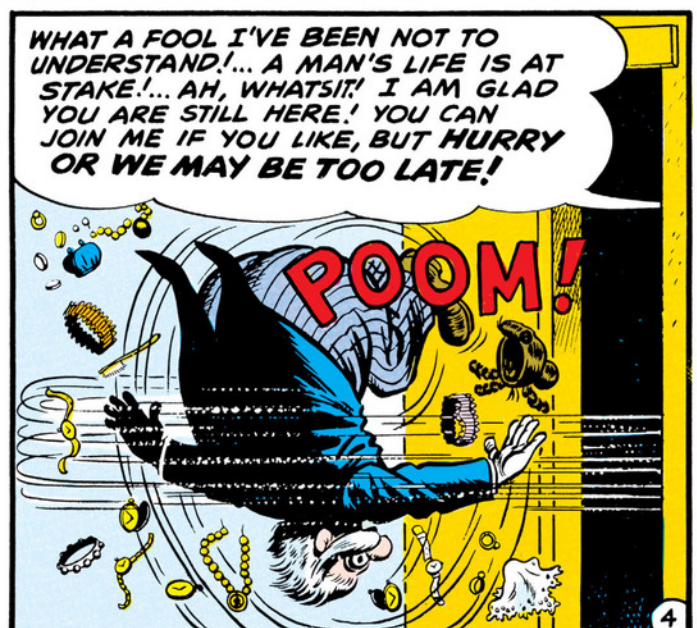
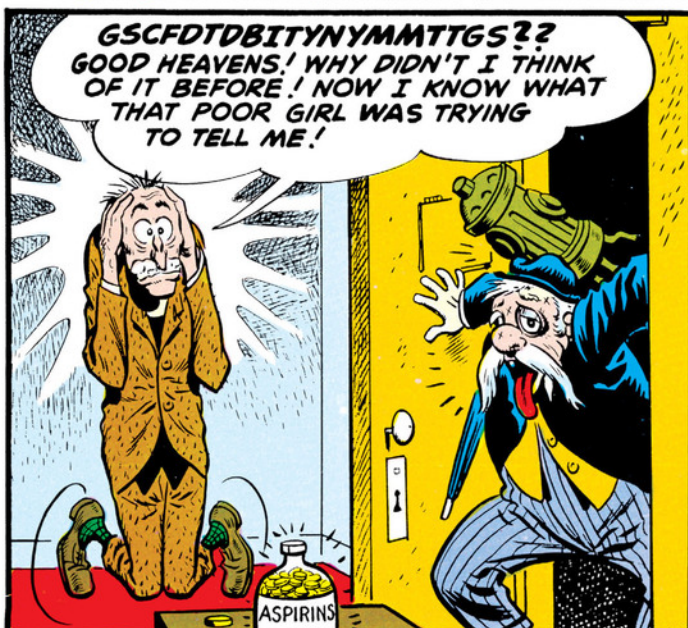
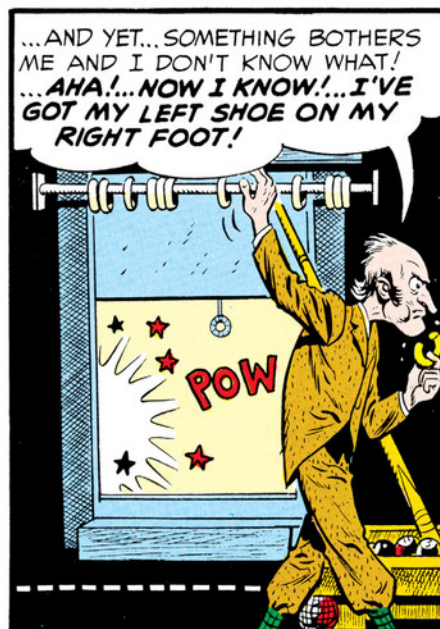
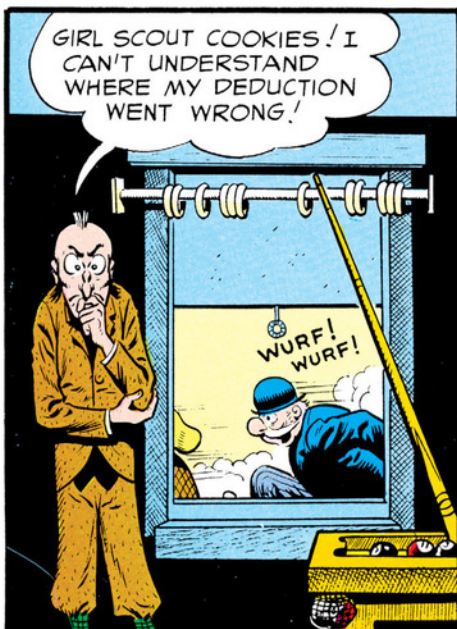
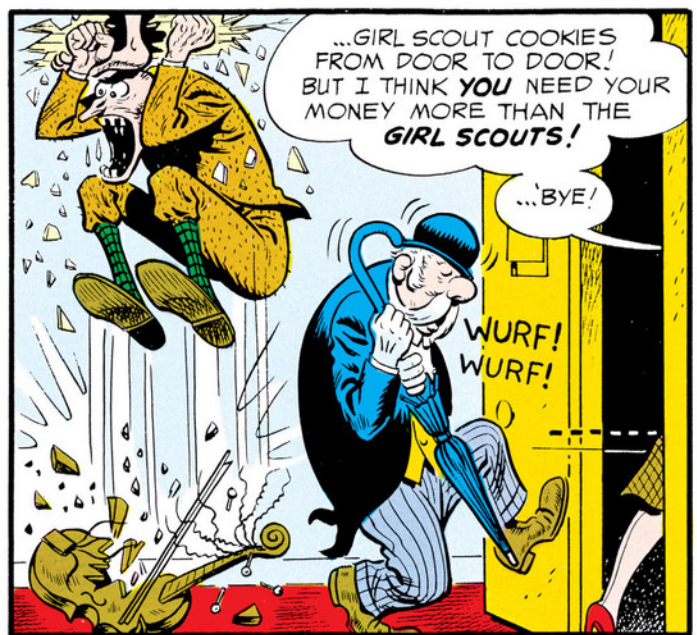
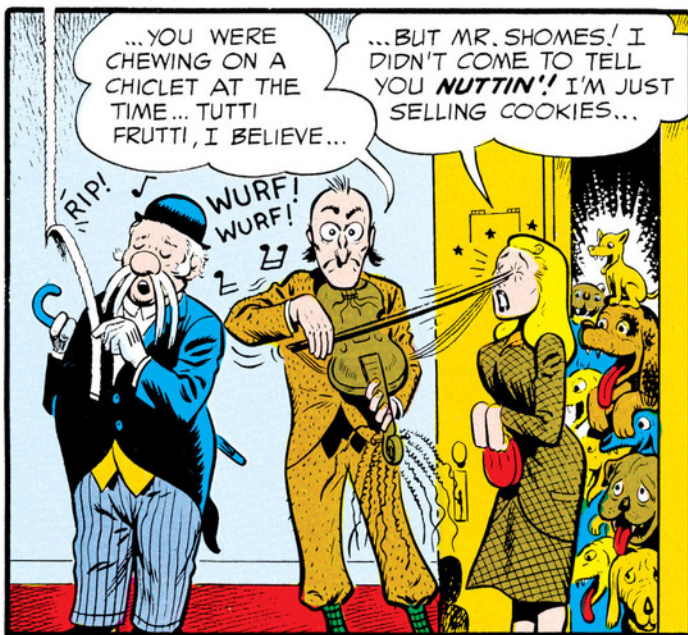


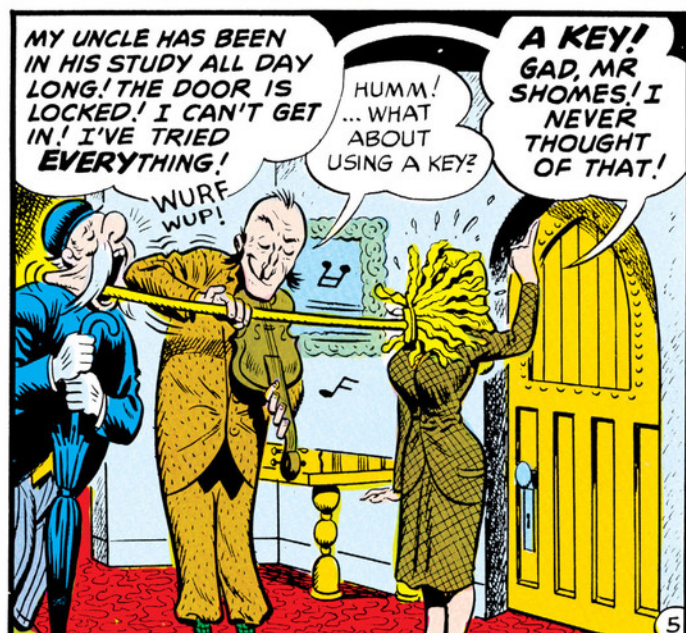
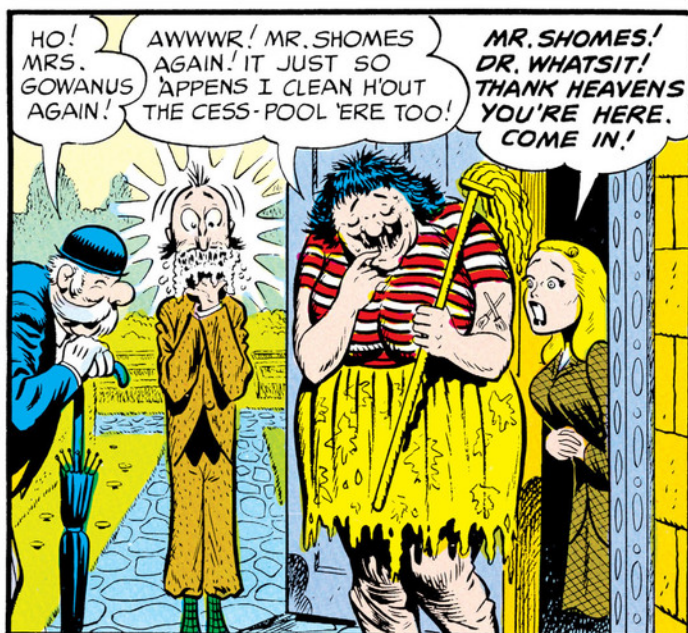
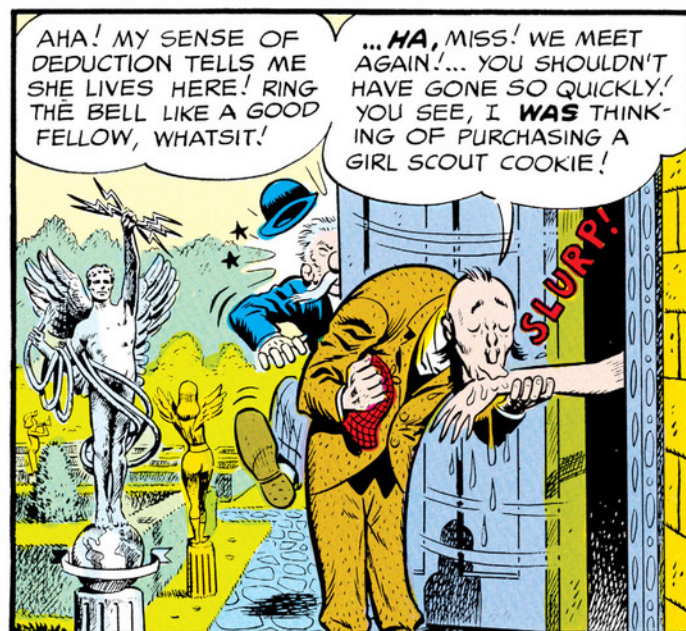
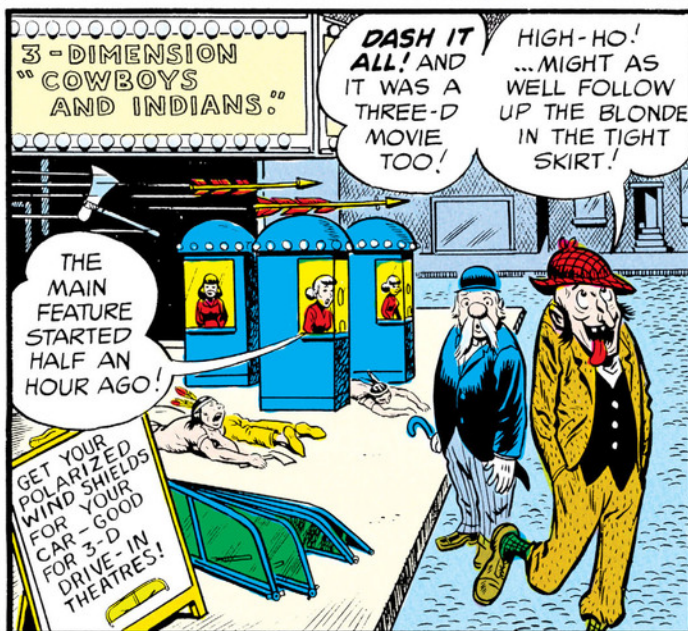
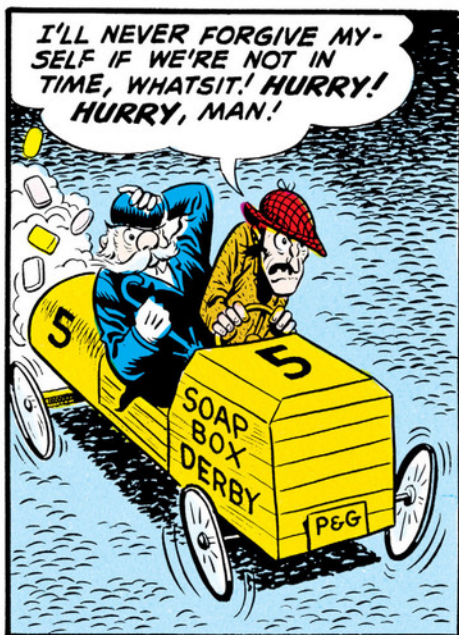
AHA, SHOMES! YOU'RE PUTTING VIOLIN TO CHIN! YOU'RE GOING TO THINK! ... BY JOVE! MY FAVORITE CLASSICAL TUNE ... "DOGGIE IN THE WINDOW"!

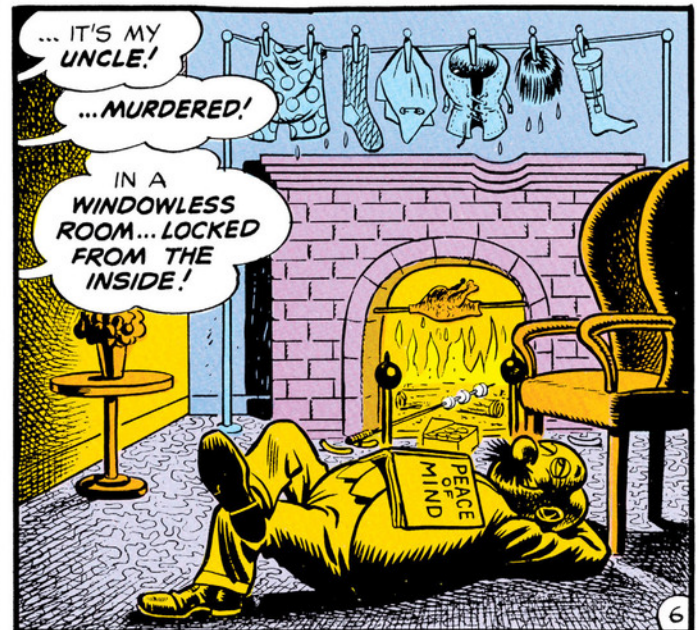
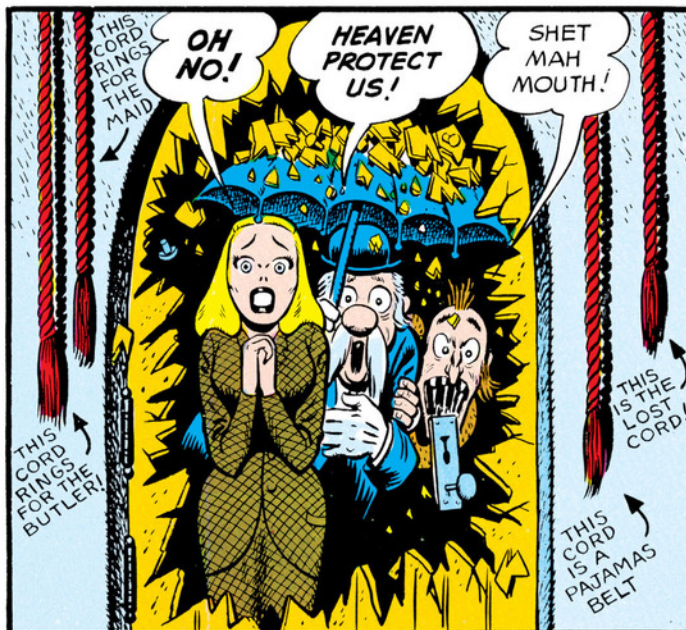
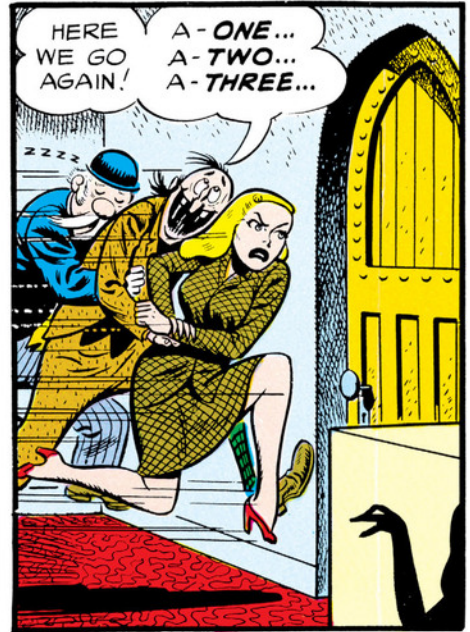
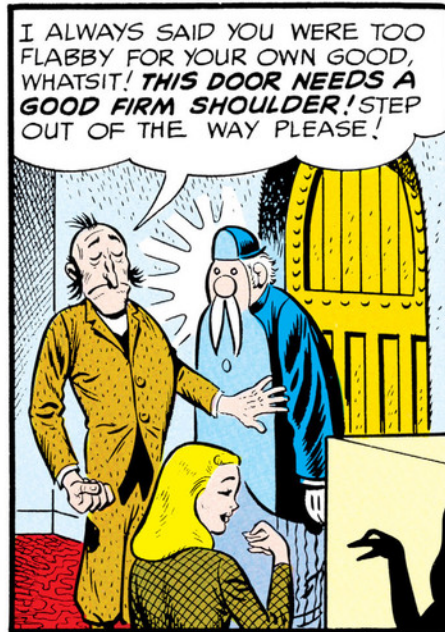
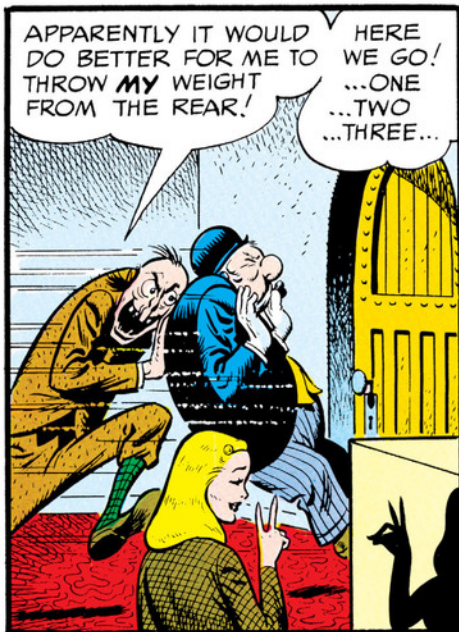
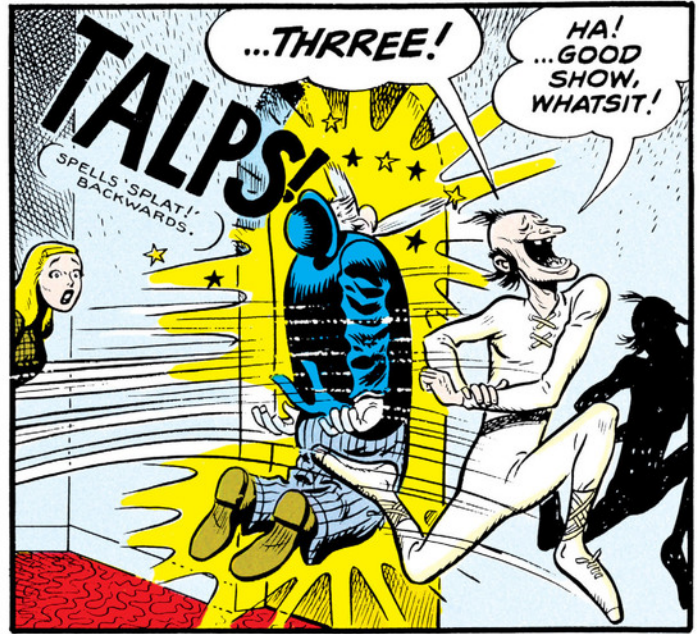
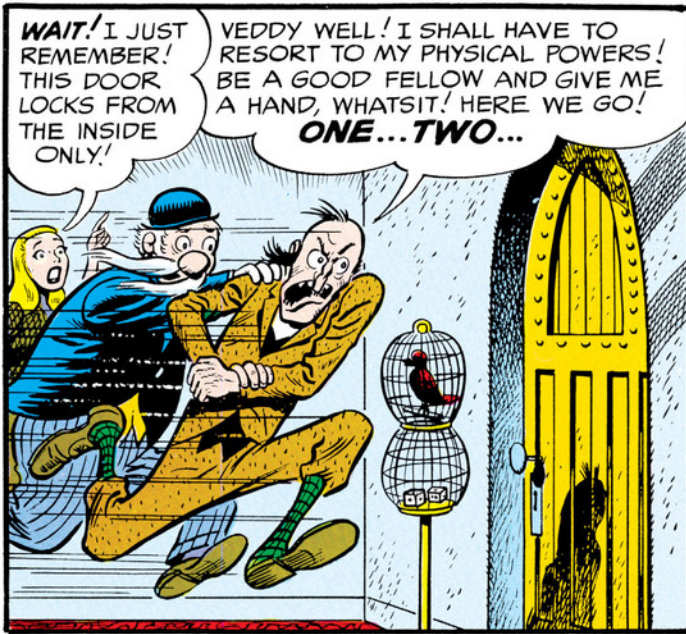
WHAT SIT? WHAT IF I WAS TO TELL YOU THAT IN A FEW MINUTES WE SHALL HAVE A VISITOR ...

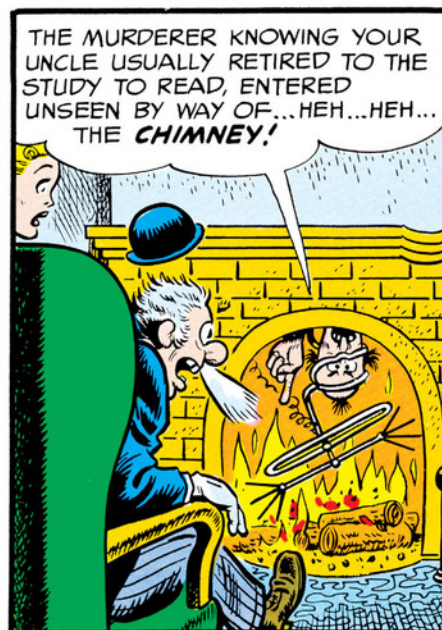
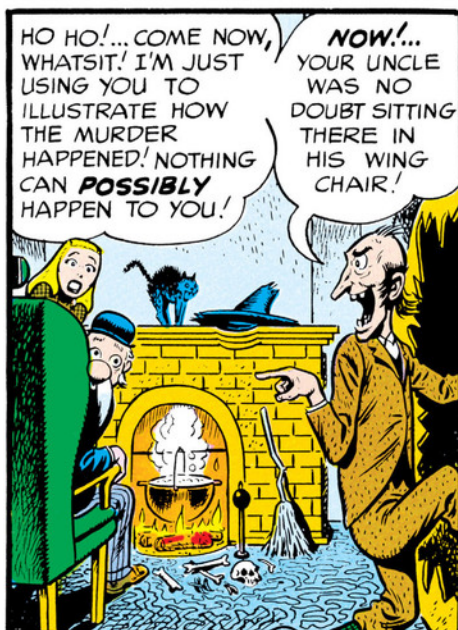
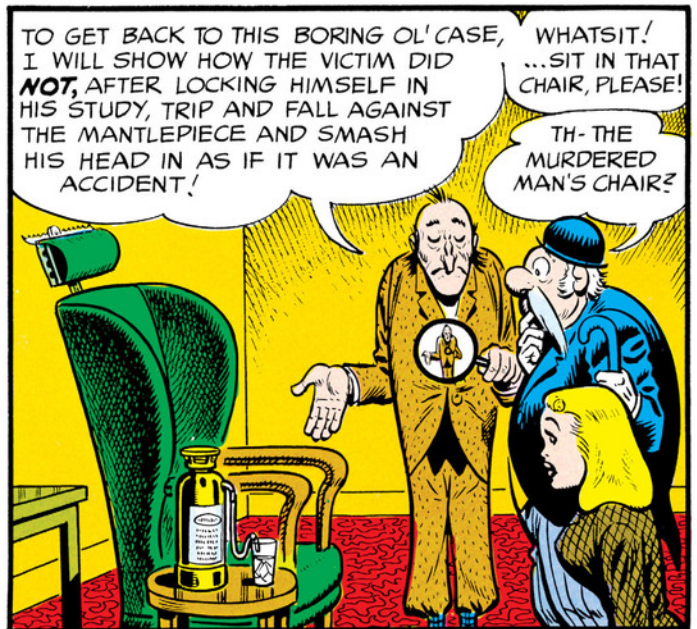
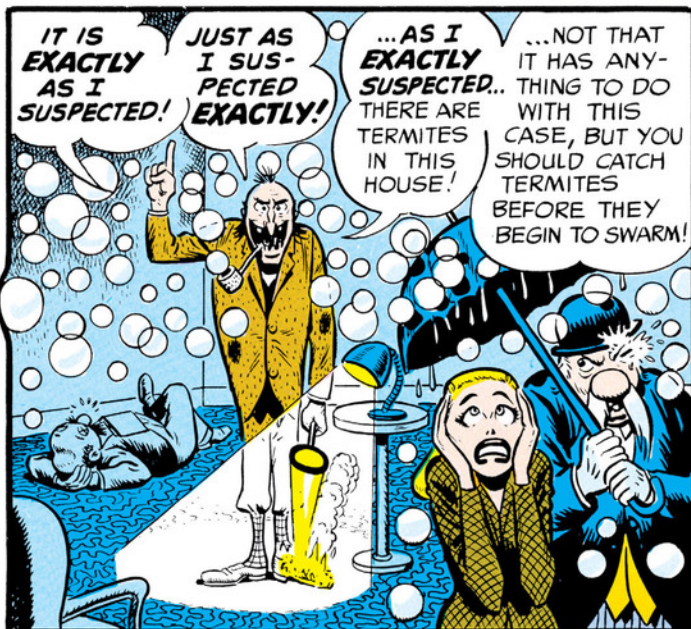
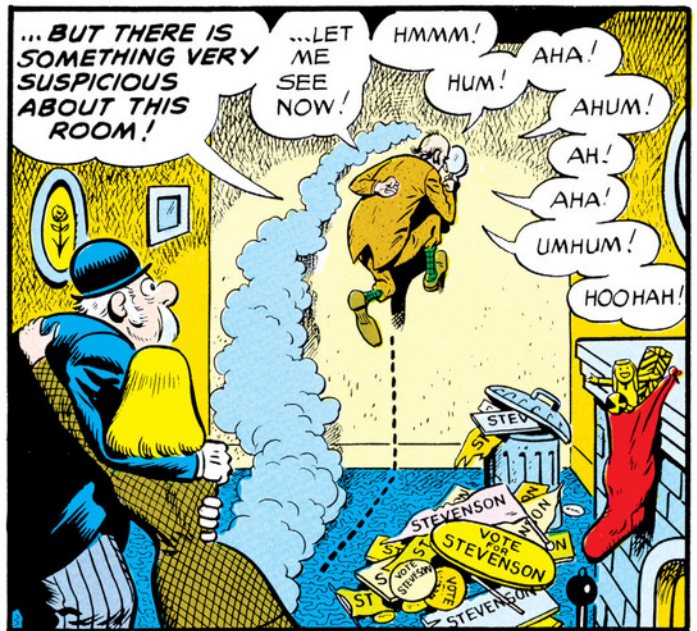
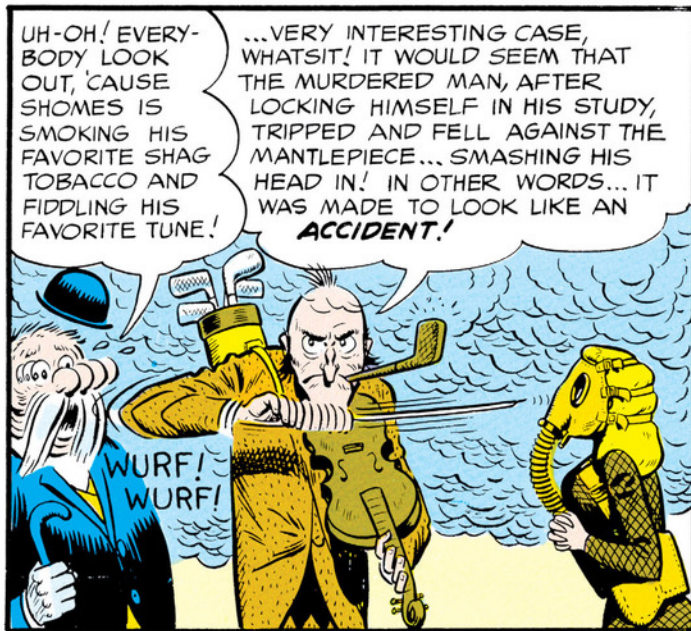




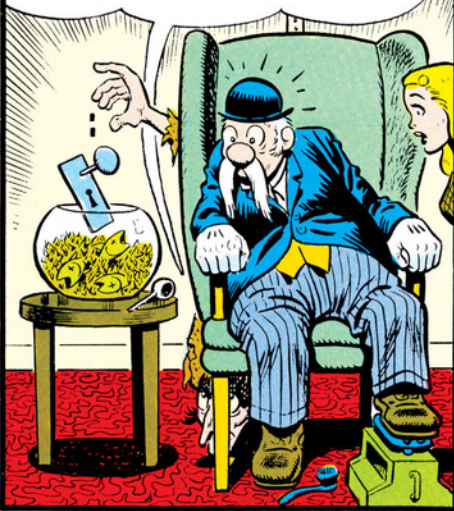




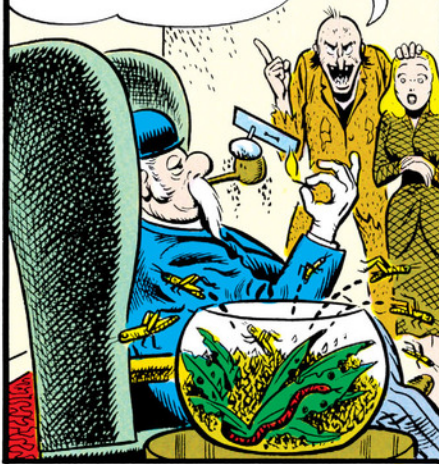




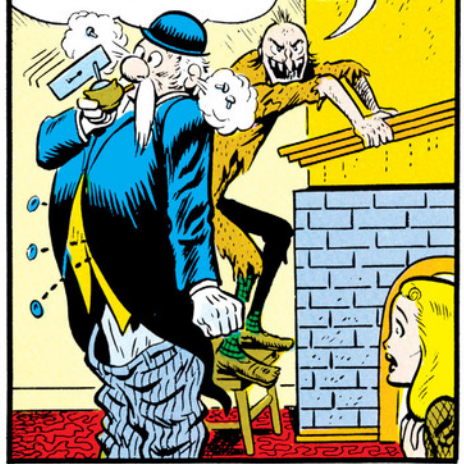
THE MURDERER THEN VERY CLEVERLY SLIPPED A DUPLICATE DOOR-KNOB MECHANISM INTO THE MURDERED MAN'S JAR OF SHAG-TOBACCO!



IMAGINE THE MURDERED MAN'S SURPRISE WHEN HE TRIED TO STUFF THE DOOR KNOB INTO HIS PIPE! THIS WAS THE MOMENT THE MURDERER HAD BEEN WAITING FOR!

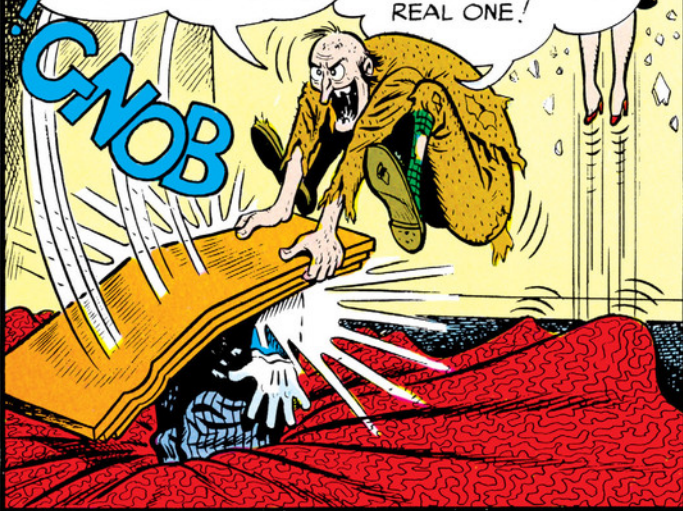


IF YOU NOTICE, THE MANTLEPIECE COMES LOOSE! AS THE MURDERED MAN STUDIED THE DOOR KNOB, GETTING HIS FINGERPRINTS ALL OVER IT, THE MURDERER STEPPED OUT...

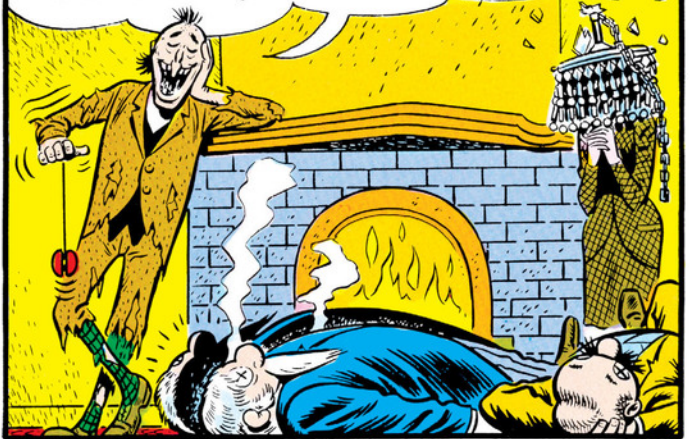


...AND DEFTLY BASHED THE VICTIM ON THE HEAD WITH THE MANTLEPIECE!

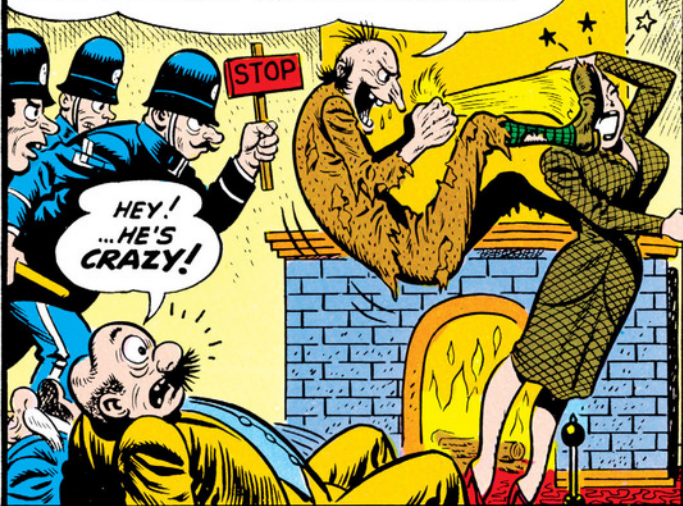
...THEN WITH GLOVED HANDS, HE SUBSTITUTED HIS DOOR-KNOB MECHANISM FOR THE REAL ONE!



THE MURDERER THEN LOCKED THE DOOR, REPLACED THE BURNING LOGS, AND STOLE QUIETLY UP THE CHIMNEY AND INTO THE NIGHT, MAKING IT LOOK AS IF THE MURDERED MAN, AFTER LOCKING HIMSELF IN HIS STUDY, TRIPPED AND FELL AGAINST THE MANTLEPIECE... SMASHING HIS HEAD IN!

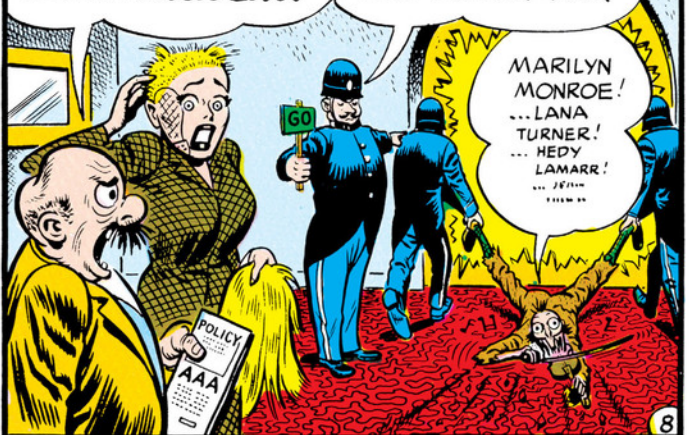


...AND THAT MURDERER IS YOU, MADAM... ARTY-MORTY IN DISGUISE!... CAH-MON, ARTY... TAKE OFF THAT WIG! SCOTLAND YARD IS ON THE WAY! YOU MIGHT AS WELL CONFESS!



THE WAY I WAS KILLED... AFTER LOCKING MYSELF IN MY STUDY, I TRIPPED AND FELL AGAINST THE MANTLEPIECE... SMASHING MY HEAD IN! IT WAS AN ACCIDENT!

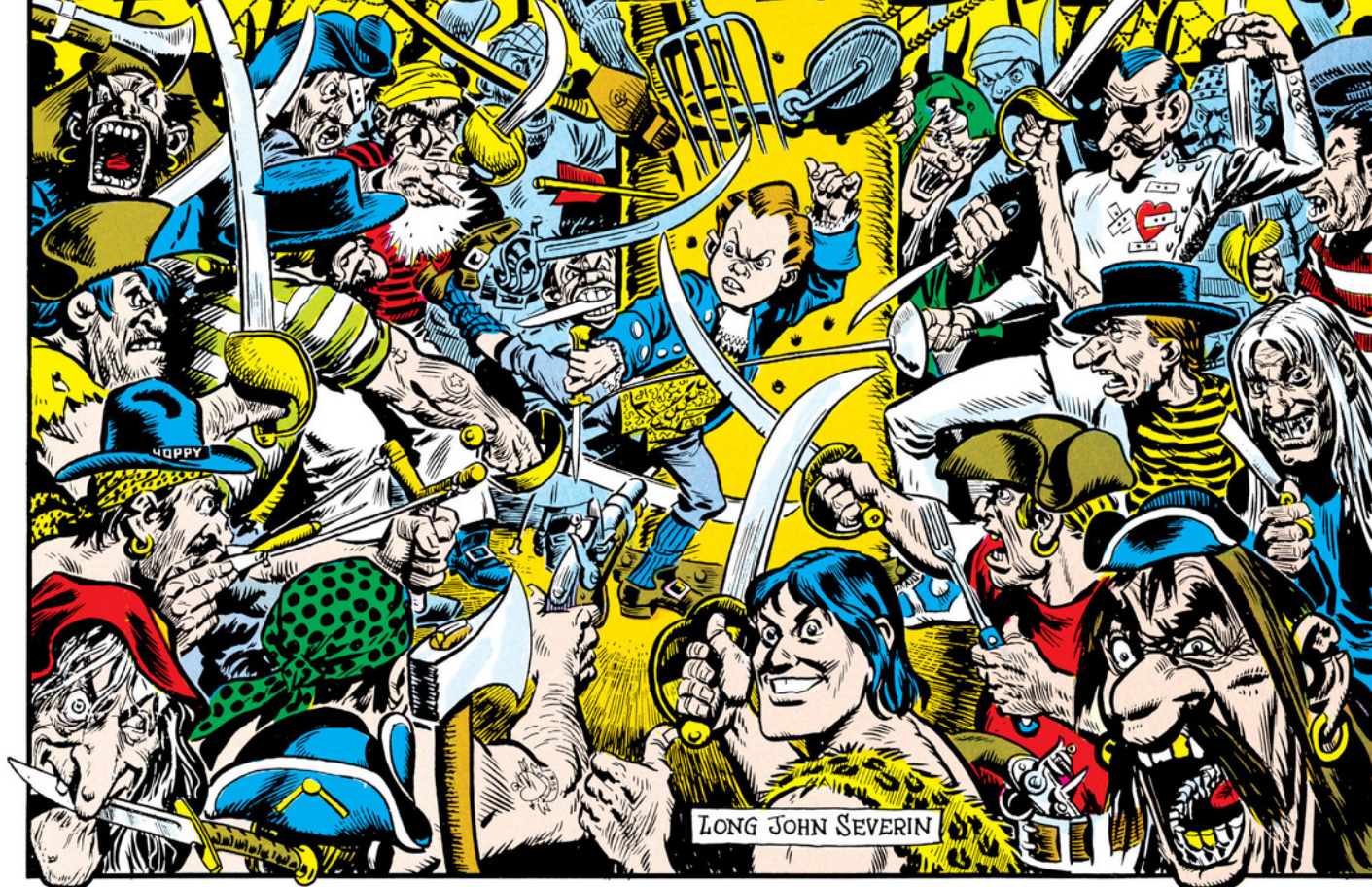
SHOMES! SCOTLAND YARD ARRESTS YOU FOR THE MURDER OF DR. WHATSIT! WE WARN YOU... ANYTHING YOU SAY WILL BE HELD AGAINST YOU!



MARILYN MONROE!
...LANA TURNER!
...HEDY LAMARR!
...JACKIE KENNEDY!

CLASSIC-TYPE COMICS DEPT.: AND NOW WE PRESENT SOMETHING REAL HIGH CLASS!...A FAMOUS NOVEL IN NEW EASY TO READ CONDENSED COMIC BOOK FORM! JUST THINK! IN FIVE MINUTES, YOU CAN READ THIS FAMOUS NOVEL IN EASY TO READ, CONDENSED COMIC BOOK FORM... AND WRITE A WHOLE BOOK REPORT ON...

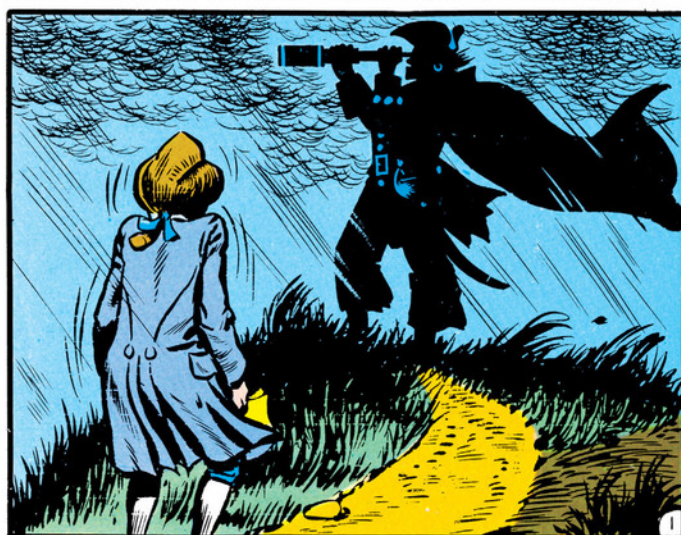
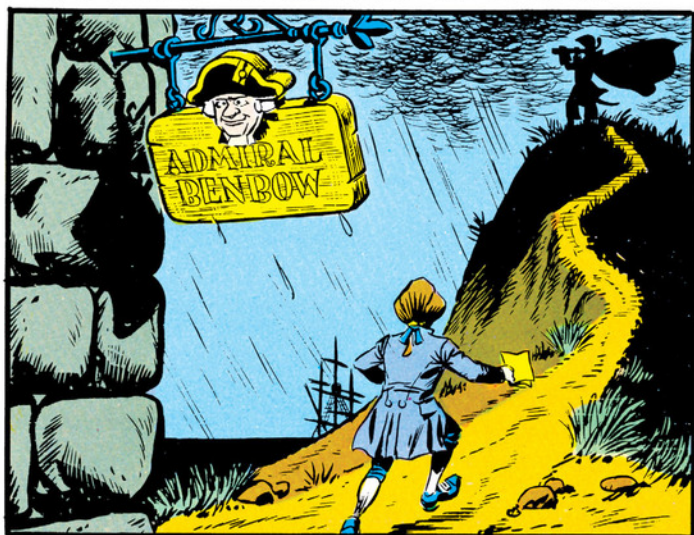
TREASURE ISLAND!



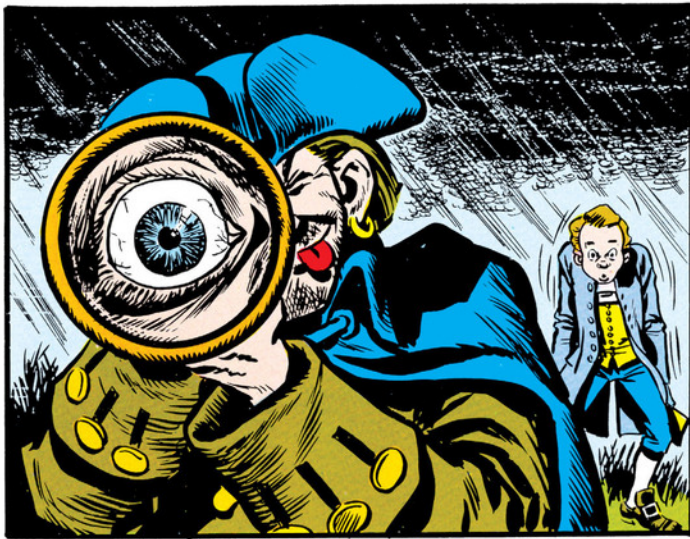
LONG JOHN SEVERIN

MY NAME IS MELVIN HAWKINS! MY MOTHER AND I RUN A MOTEL ON THE SEA-COAST OF ENGLAND! ONE STORMY DAY, I CLIMBED THE HILL BEHIND THE HOUSE...

...I HAD A MESSAGE TO DELIVER TO ONE OF OUR BOARDERS...CAPTAIN ROLLEM BONES!...ALL DAY LONG CAPT. BONES WOULD STAND ON THE HILL LOOKING OUT OVER THE COVE!



ALL DAY LONG, LOOKING OUT OVER THE COVE! FULL WELL DID I KNOW THAT THE LADY'S DRESSING ROOM OF YE OLDE REPERTORY THEATRE LAY OUT OVER THE COVE!

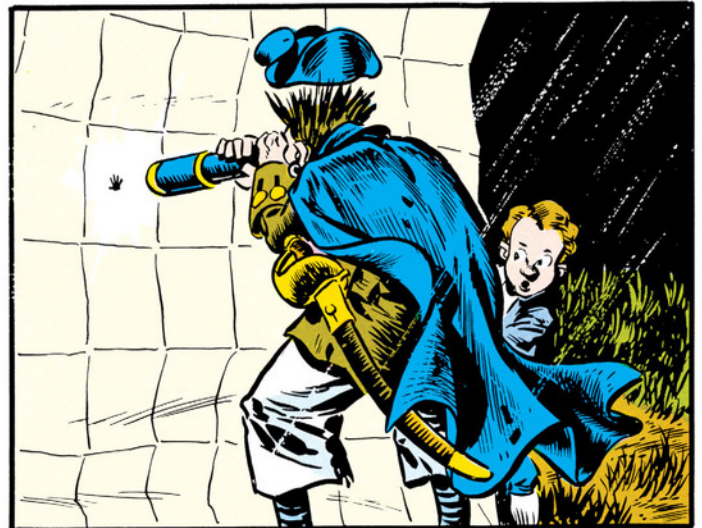
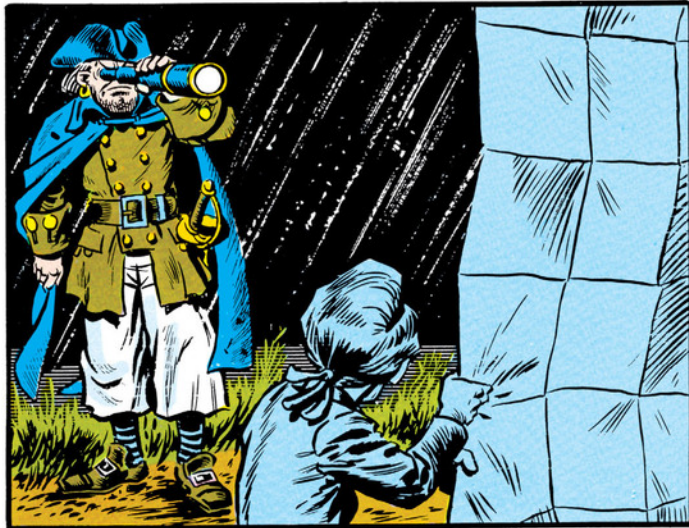


...THERE HE STOOD, HIS SPYGLASS GLUED TO HIS EYE! IT MUST'VE BEEN GLUED RATHER TIGHTLY, FOR HE NEVER REMOVED IT AS I APPROACHED WITH THE TINY FOLDED PAPER!



I UNFOLDED THE PAPER AND WATCHED CAPT. BONES'S WAVING SPYGLASS AS IT DARTED BACK AND FORTH ACROSS THE SHEET WHICH MUST HAVE CONTAINED A LENGTHY MESSAGE!

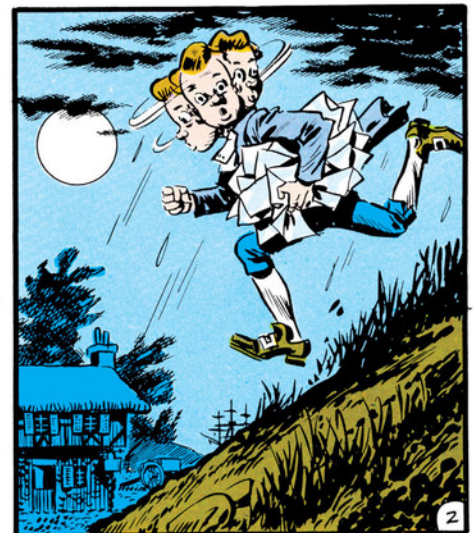
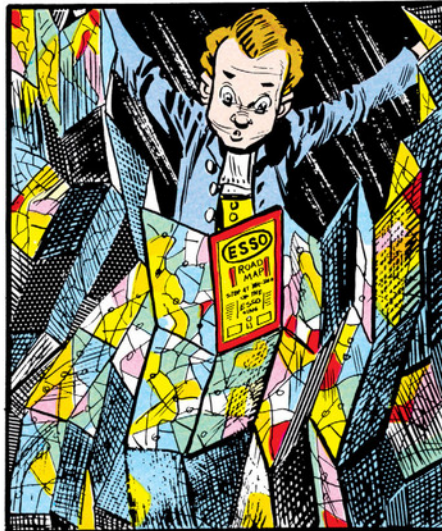
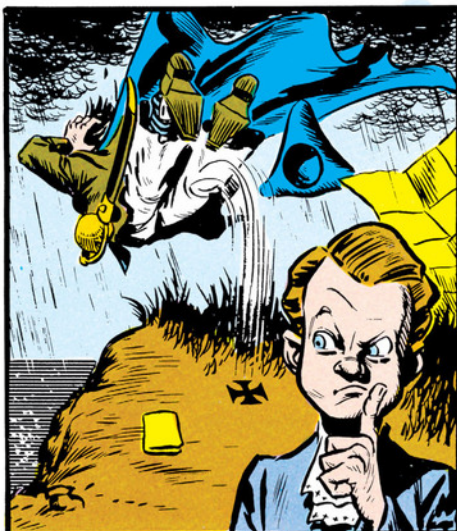
IMAGINE MY SURPRISE WHEN I SAW THE PAPER CONTAINED ONLY A SMALL BLACK SPOT!...**THE BLACK SPOT!!** WARNING OF IMPENDING DEATH! THE MAFIA WAS AT WORK!



I COULD TELL CAPT. BONES WAS EXCITED BY THE WAY HE LEAPED OVER THE CLIFF LEAVING A FOLDED MAP BEHIND!

I UNFOLDED THE MAP! IT LOOKED LIKE A **TREASURE** MAP! IN ANY CASE...ONE THING, I KNEW, WAS CERTAIN!

I COULD NEVER FOLD THAT MAP PROPERLY AGAIN!... I STOLE AWAY, DETERMINED TO SEEK THE TREASURE!



THE NEXT DAY, WITH THE AID OF SQUIRE TRELAWNEY, DR. LIVESY, AND A G.I. VETERAN'S LOAN, WE PURCHASED AND OUTFITTED A SMALL TRAMP STEAMER!



FIRST WE SET THE CREW TO WORK FEVERISHLY BATTENING THE HATCHES, STOWING THE GAFF FOR THE VOYAGE! THEN WE GAVE OUT PENICILIN FOR THE FEVERISH CREW!



I DIDN'T LIKE THE CREW! THE PURPOSE OF OUR VOYAGE HAD BEEN SUPPOSEDLY KEPT A SECRET FROM ANY PIRATES!



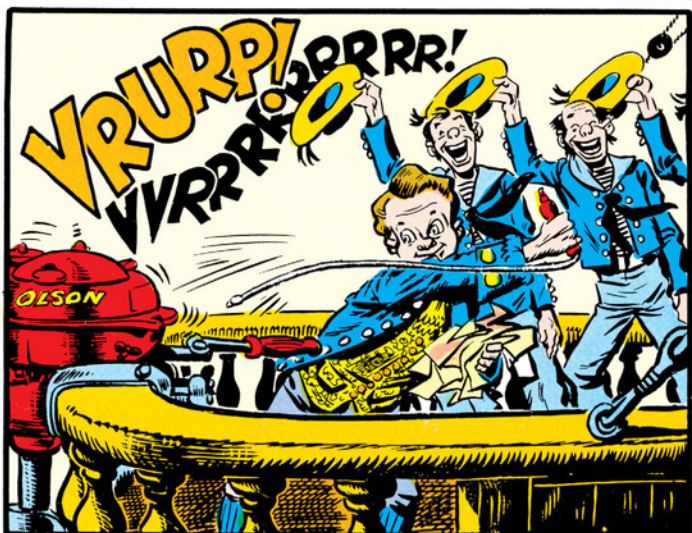
I DIDN'T LIKE THEIR LOOKS! SOME-HOW, SOMEWHERE, THERE WAS SOMETHING VERY SUSPICIOUS ABOUT THEM!



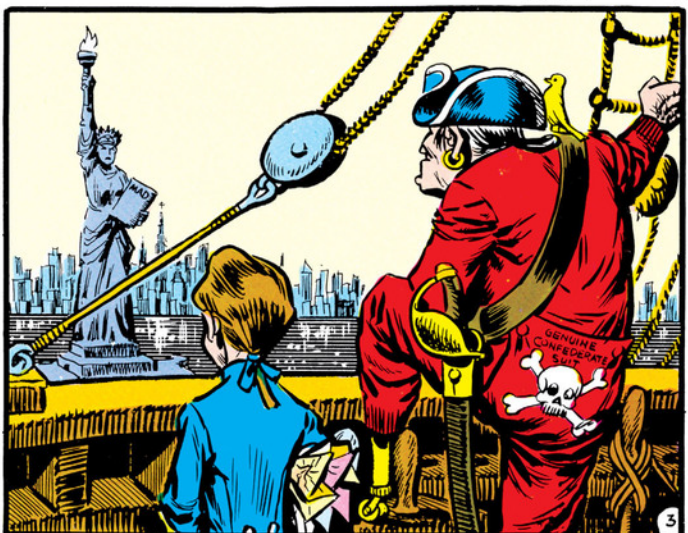
I DIDN'T LIKE THEIR CHIEF, LONG-JOHN ALUMINUM!...I COULD SEE BY HIS LONG-JOHN'S, WHY HE WAS CALLED LONG-JOHN!



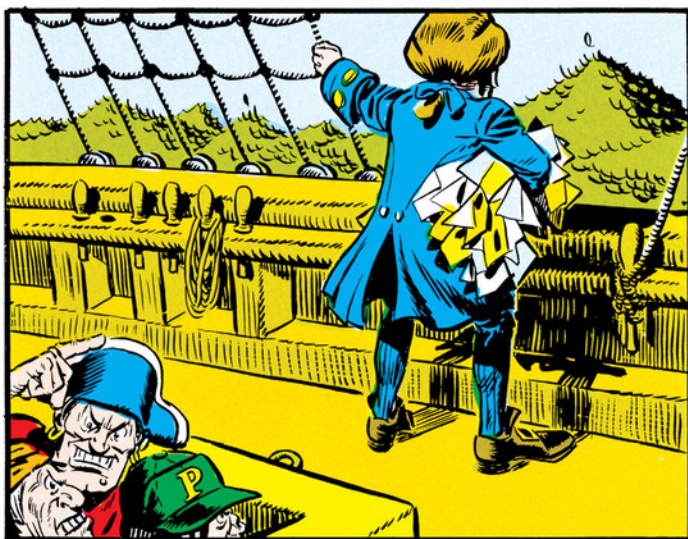
BUT DESPITE THE STRANGE NATURE OF THE CREW, WE DECIDED TO SET SAIL... AND SO, AT SUN UP, WE KEELHAULED ANCHOR, AND POINTED OUR BARNACLE FOR **TREASURE ISLAND!**



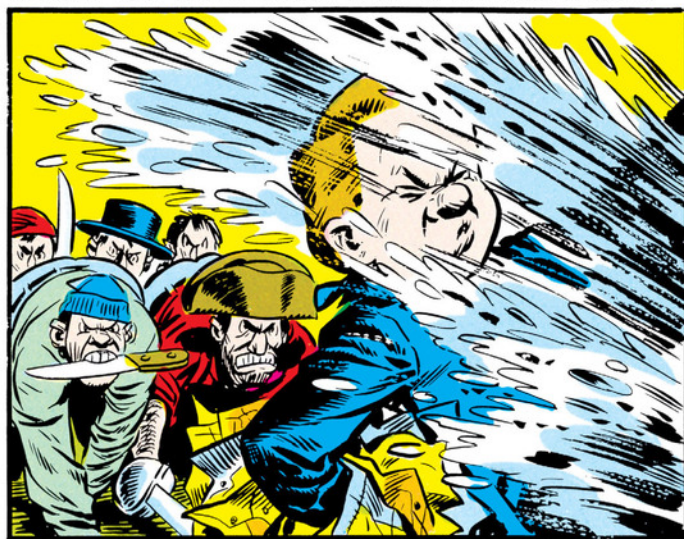
OUR SHIP SWEEPED OUT OF THE HARBOR, PASSING THE STATUE OF LIBERTY! AS HE LOOKED UP AT HER TORCH, I HEARD LONG-JOHN SAY IN A FERVENT WHISPER... **DIG THAT CRAZY RONSON!**



AND SO, WE HEADED FOR A TINY SPECK OF LAND IN THE VAST OCEAN! I STOOD ON THE POOP DECK...POOPED...DRINKING IN THE SALT AIR THAT SMELT OF THE SEA ITSELF!



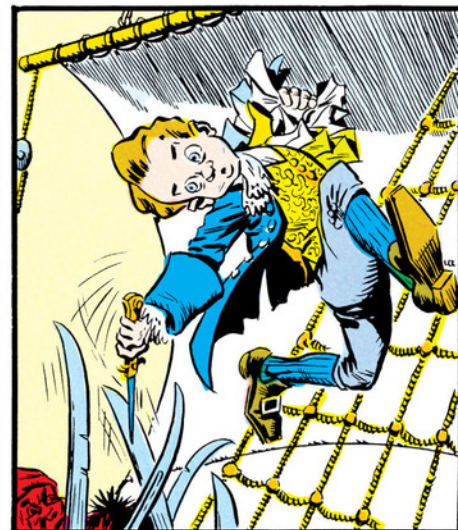
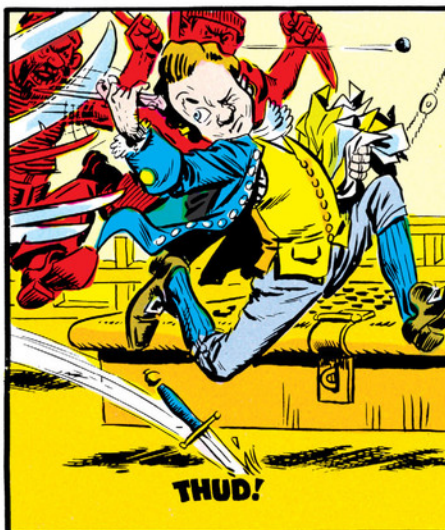
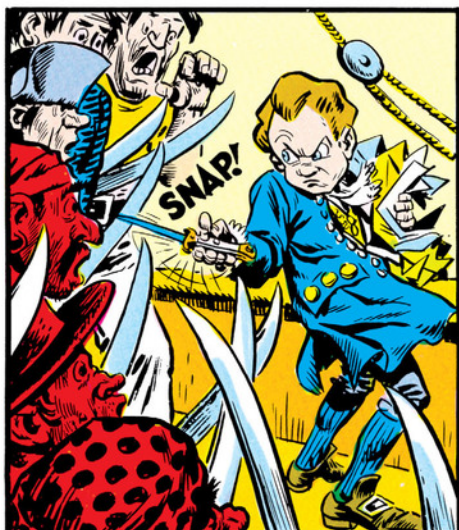
GOSH! THAT SALT AIR I WAS DRINKING IN SURE SMELT LIKE THE SEA ITSELF!...AND I WONDERED TO MYSELF...WOULD WE FIND THIS TINY SPECK OF LAND IN THE VAST OCEAN?



SUDDENLY... THE SOUND OF A TWIG CRACKING UNDERFOOT CAUSED ME TO WHIRL IN TIME TO SEE THE CREW...

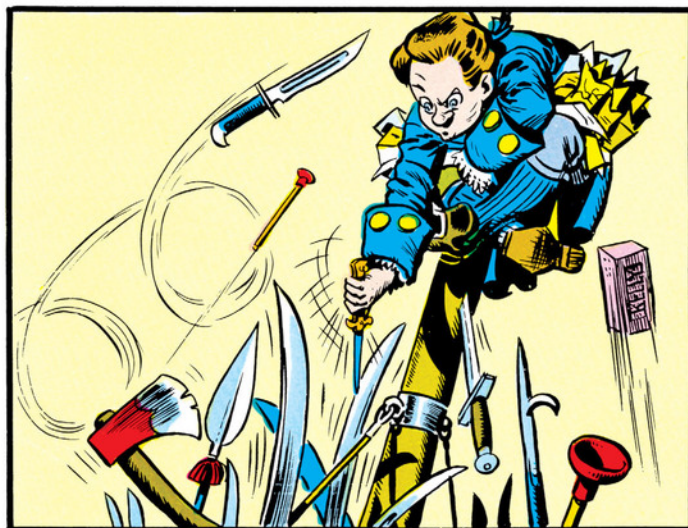
...SNEAKING UP TO STEAL MY MAP! FOR-
TUNATELY I AM A MASTER WITH THE BLADE! MY PEN-KNIFE FLASHED IN THE SUN!

...BUT THEY OUTNUMBERED ME! I BACKED
AWAY ALONG THE POOP...BACK ALONG THE
STARBOARD HELM...BACK ALONG THE JIB...

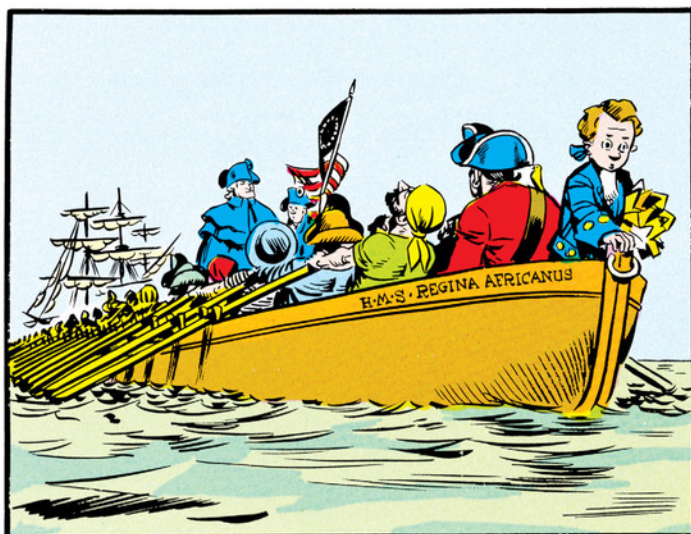


...BACK, BACK ALONG THE MIZZEN SHROUDS...BACK ALONG THE
MIZZEN MAINSAIL... BACK ALONG THE MAIN MIZZEN-MAINSAIL!
THEN SUDDENLY I KNEW **SOMETHING WAS MIZZEN!**

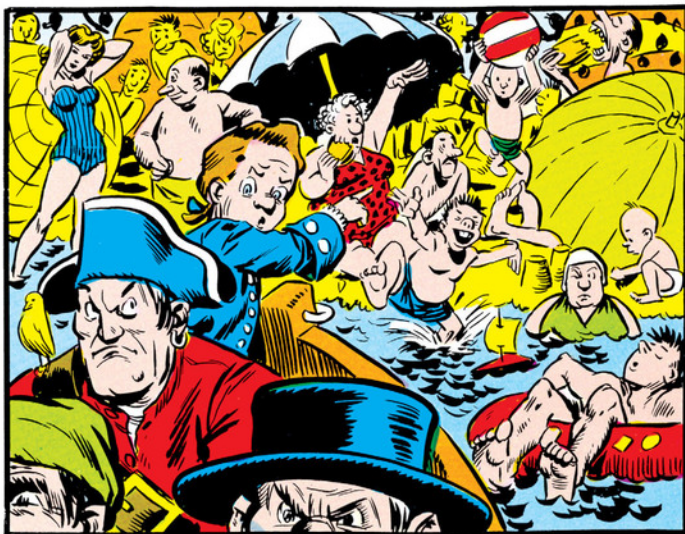
...THERE WAS MIZZEN ZOME MORE MIZZEN! I WAS TRAPPED!
JUST AS I THOUGHT I WAS DONE FOR... THE LOOKOUT SPOTTED
THAT TINY SPECK OF LAND IN THE VAST OCEAN...



...TREASURE ISLAND! IN OUR EXCITEMENT, WE FORGOT OUR ANIMOSITY! WE ALL GRABBED OARS AND PULLED FOR THE ISLAND IN THE LONG BOAT! **WOW! WAS IT LONG!**



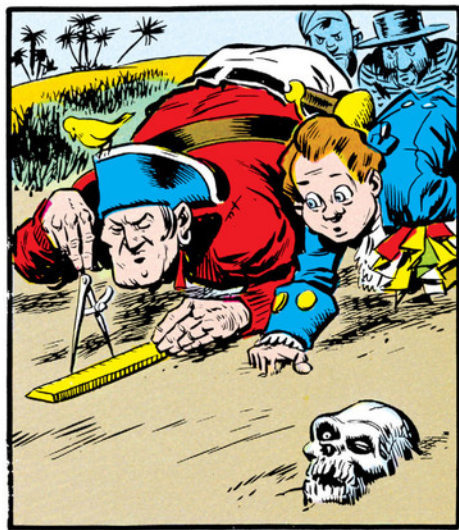
IN A TRICE, THE KEEL GROUND INTO THE SOFT SAND AS WE HIT THE BEACH! WE JUMPED ONTO THE BEACH AND WITHOUT DELAY STARTED INLAND!



THE DIRECTIONS ON THE MAP WERE EXPLICIT! 'NOR'-NO'EA'ST TO SPYGLASS HILL...SOU'-SOU'WEST 1 MILE! THEN EA'...

...AFTER TRAVELLING 3 MI, EA'...TURN RIGHT AT THE FILLING STATION...GO DOWN THREE RED-LIGHTS AND TURN UPTOWN...

...THEN, 50 PACES RIGHT, 6 FEET LEFT, 9 INCHES BACK, $\frac{1}{3}$ OF AN INCH TO THE RIGHT, AND 16 MILLIMETERS LEFT!



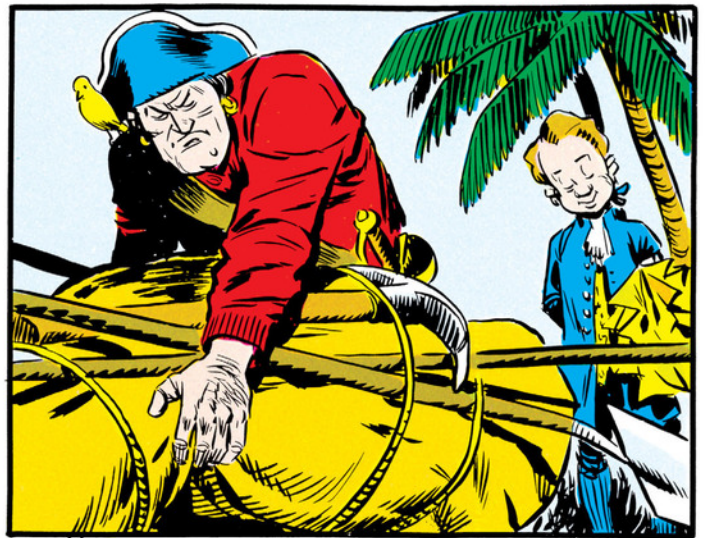
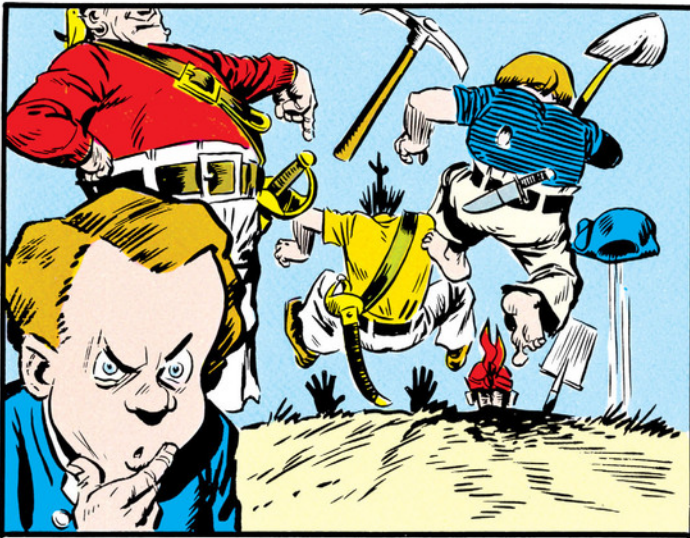
...FINALLY, AFTER MUCH PAINFUL AND CAREFUL CONSULTATION WITH SLIDE RULE, LOGARITHM TABLE AND HOROSCOPE, LONG-JOHN POINTED HIS FINGER DOWN AND BID US DIG!

...POINTED HIS FINGER DOWN UNERRINGLY AT THE VERY CENTER PIN-POINT SPOT WHERE THE TREASURE WAS PRESUMABLY BURIED! NOW ALL THAT WAS LEFT WAS TO DIG IT UP!



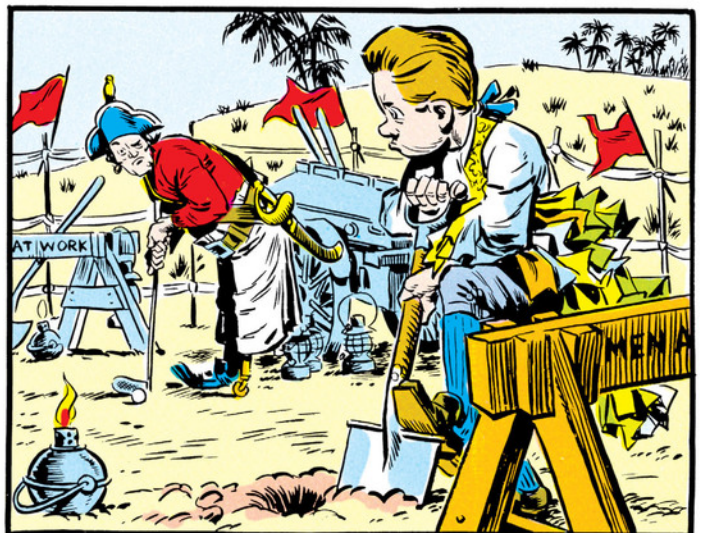
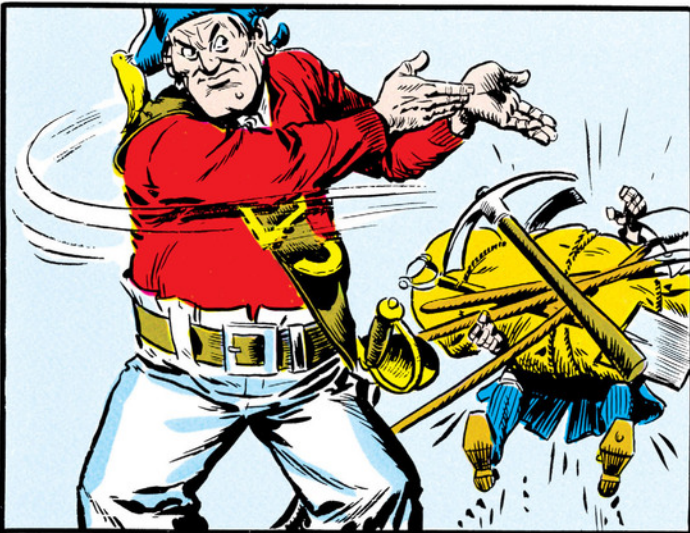
WITH A SINGLE CRY OF JUBILATION, THE WHOLE CREW RUSHED FORWARD, AND BEFORE THEY COULD CHECK THEMSELVES, FELL TO THEIR DEATHS ON THE ROCKS BELOW! LONG-JOHN HAD FOOLED THEM!

...I SUDDENLY REALIZED HE HAD WANTED THE TREASURE FOR HIMSELF! AS HE PICKED UP OUR HEAVY EQUIPMENT IN HIS SINEWY ARMS, I THOUGHT, 'AHA...HE LET ME LIVE! **HE LIKES ME!**'



MY HEART LEAPED WITH JOY KNOWING THIS MURDEROUS MAN FAVORED ME!... A MOMENT LATER I QUESTIONED MY CONCLUSION AS I HELD OUR HEAVY EQUIPMENT IN MY SCRAWNY ARMS!

... NOW, LONG-JOHN ALUMINUM DIRECTLY LOCATED THE PLACE WHERE THE TREASURE WAS BURIED, AND WE SET UP OUR EQUIPMENT AND PREPARED TO DIG THAT CRAZY GROUND!



I PICKED UP MY SPADE, BUT LONG-JOHN WANTED ME TO DIG... NOT PLAY CARDS! THEN, MY SHOVEL KNOCKED ON SOMETHING!

...A... A HOLLOW KNOCKING SOUND... THE SOUND OF A SHOVEL KNOCKING ON A...A CHEST! **THEN... SOMEONE KNOCKED BACK!**

IT **WAS** A CHEST! **MELVIN MOLE'S** CHEST... OUT OF 'MAD' #2! WHAT A RIDICULOUS STORY THIS WAS TURNING INTO!

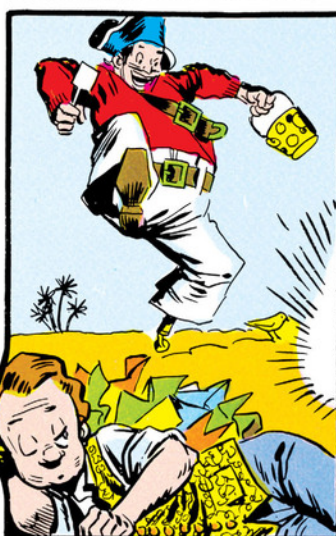
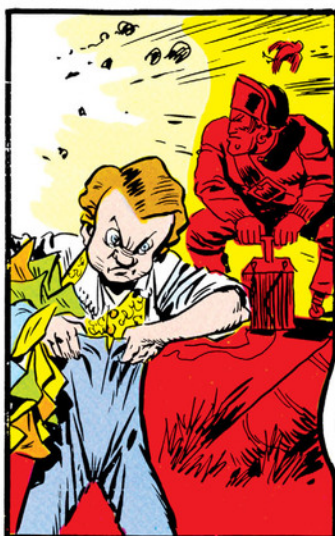
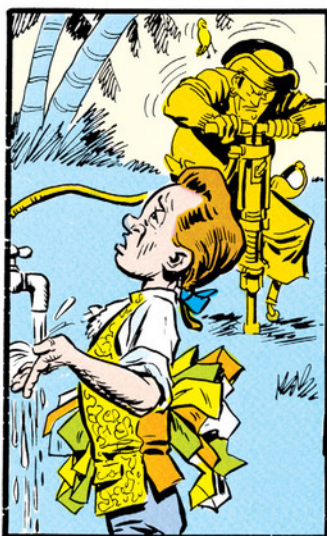
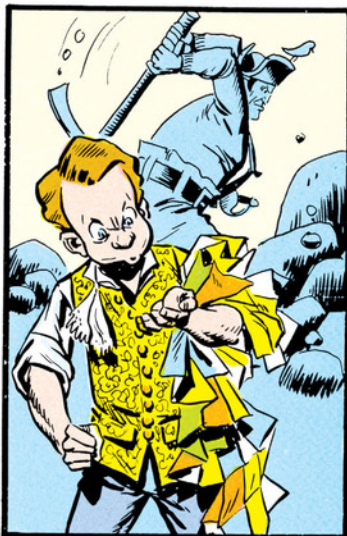


NOW WE GOT TO WORK IN EARNEST! I ROLLED UP MY SLEEVES...SPIT ON MY PALMS...

...**SPIT ON MY PALMS?** OOOOH...HOW DISGUSTING! I RAN TO WASH OFF MY PALMS!

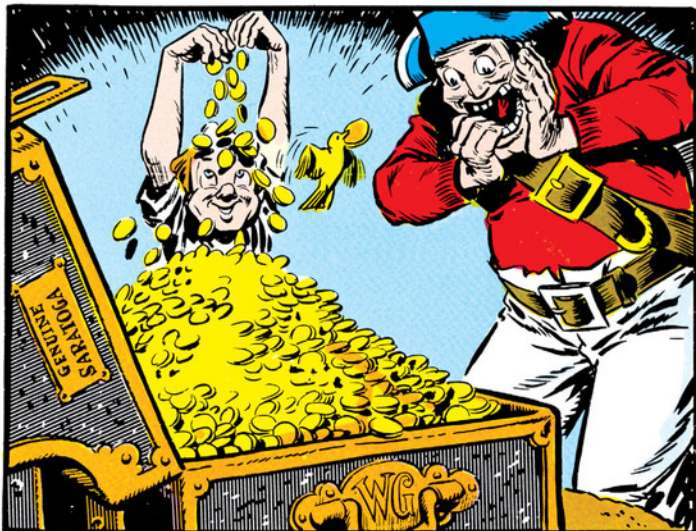
...THEN I TOOK A HITCH ON MY BELT...FLEXED MY MUSCLES... SQUARED MY SHOULDERS...

...DID I DIG, YOU SAY?...DON'T BE FANTASTIC! WHO WANTS TO DIG?...**THEN WE FOUND IT!**



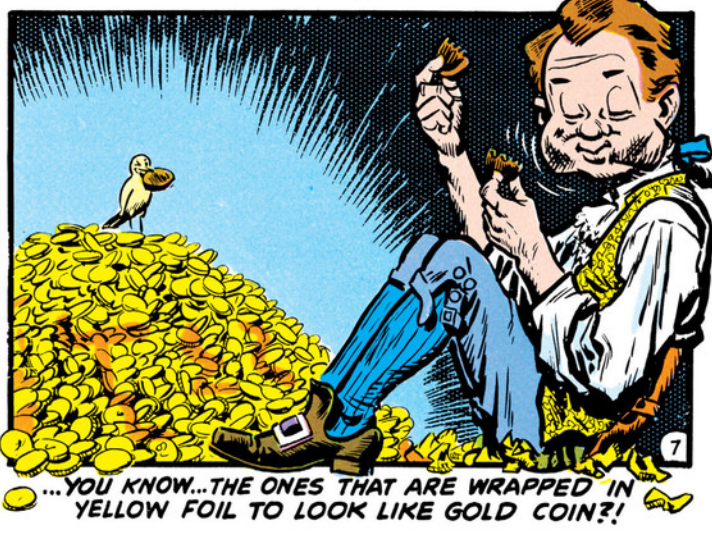
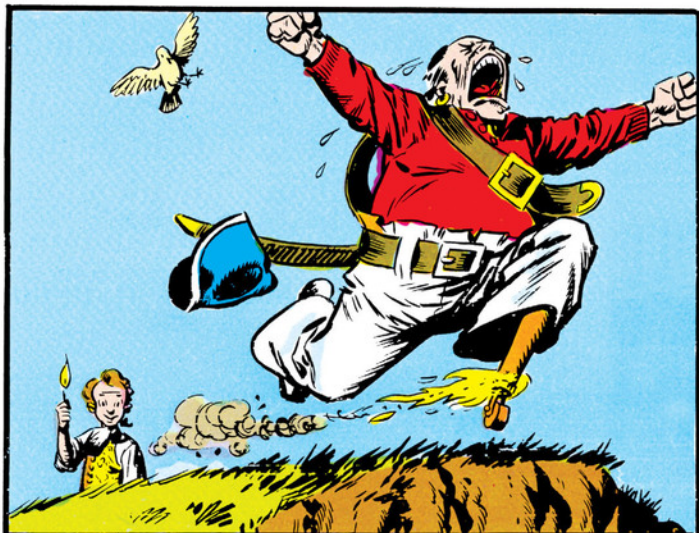
THE TREASURE CHEST!... WE TORE OPEN THE COVER...TORE THROUGH THE WAX PAPER AND FOUND DOUBLOONS... TRIPLOONS... FOURPLOONS...AND A COUPON TO SEND AWAY FOR SILVERWARE!

...I WATCHED LONG-JOHN BITE INTO A GOLD PIECE TO TEST IT! I WATCHED HIS LOWER JAW FLAP OPEN! I WATCHED HIS EYE BALLS FLAP OUT! I WATCHED HIS TONGUE FLAP DOWN!



I DON'T KNOW WHICH CAUSED THE FOLLOWING CONVULSIONS... THE HORRIBLE DISCOVERY HE HAD MADE ABOUT THE COINS,OR THE HOT FOOT I GAVE HIM ON HIS WOODEN LEG!

...IN ANY CASE, HE WAS GONE ...AND THE TREASURE WAS MINE! ALL MINE! A WHOLE CHEST OF THOSE MARVELOUS ROUND LITTLE MILK CHOCOLATE CANDIES...



...YOU KNOW...THE ONES THAT ARE WRAPPED IN YELLOW FOIL TO LOOK LIKE GOLD COIN?!

**WE AT E.C. ARE PROUDEST
OF OUR SCIENCE - FICTION
MAGAZINES! LOOK FOR...**



Cloak-and-Dagger-Dept.: *We of MAD are happy to announce that, with this issue, we are beginning an exciting serial...THE ADVENTURES OF SECRET UNDER-MANHOLE-COVER AGENT FIVE FINGERS JONES. Just think...*

If you buy MAD regularly, you will have the whole collection of serials in about ten years. You could bind 'em...trade 'em...or sell 'em...hide 'em...you might do all kinds of fascinating things with 'em! But now...on with Chapter One, entitled...



Secret Under-Manhole-Cover Agent Five (count 'em) Fingers Jones' home gives us a hint that he is a cautious man. Every door is double-bolted, barred, padlocked, and made of massive steel. The few windows are mere slits in the two yard thick walls. There is a very elaborate mechanism over the only door in the room. Through a system of levers, wires, push-buttons, etc., as the door opens, an axe beheads the interloper, a cannon ventilates him, and a trap-door disposes of the remains.

In various places around the room are: a drinking glass with an eye in it marked SPY GLASS, a ring labeled SPY RING, a picture of a bloodhound affectionately labeled DAD, and a bottle on a table with a shriveled up old man in it labeled OLD GRANDDAD.

But where is our dauntless hero, Five Fingers Jones? In the center of the floor sits a tiny steel chest out of which stretches an arm holding the remains of what was labeled SOFT DRINK. The bottle was so soft that it seeped through the fingers. A straw from

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WEIRD SCIENCE • WEIRD FANTASY
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the bottle goes back into the trunk through a little hole, and slurping sounds are heard from the trunk.

A telephone rings and the trunk creaks slowly open. Out of it crawls Jones, all six feet five inches of him. One wonders how even his foot fit into the trunk. He is very nervous... and as soon as he is out of the trunk, he dons a suit of armor. Then, sweeping a mine-detector in front of him as he advances, he heads for the phone. He picks it up with tweezers and immediately immerses it in a pail of water and listens to see if it ticks. Then, when he is satisfied, he whispers hoarsely into the phone.

"Hello?"

At the end of the line is Jones' chief in Washington. In his office is a sign reading ABSOLUTELY POSITIVELY NO SMOKING. The room is full of smoke, and there are butts everywhere.

A box of cough drops marked HAND COUGHS lies on the chief's desk. Letters marked EMERGENCY, FOR IMMEDIATE ACTION, and RUSH are collecting cobwebs. The chief says:

"Listen, Jones, while I tell you the details of the most terrifying news to enter this country from behind the Iron Curtain. Highest authority in the Hexagon has it that the Russians have developed a process for the manufacture of artificial DIRT!"

* * * * *

And with this dirt starts the most sensational adventure in Five Fingers Jones' career. What will happen to Five Fingers Jones? What will happen to this serial? If you like serial, especially the lumpy kind, buy the next issue of MAD for Chapter Two of this exciting thriller! —ed.



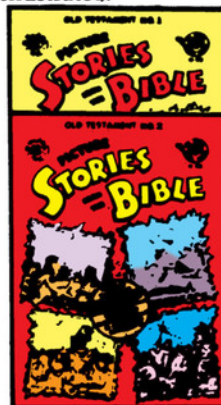
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MAD MUMBLINGS



Today, we have a special message directed to electric fans all over the world. Electric fans! Listen! We have some wonderful news for you! Listen carefully, electric fans of the world! We are forming . . . a fan club . . . an E.C. fan club. Human beings can join this club too! But before launching into the sordid details of the club, we would like to sketch in a little background. We started out with two conditions that positively *had* to be met:

1) Our club would have to be a *different* kind of fan club . . . a continuously active club that would provide long-range interest, enjoyment and benefits for its members! And . . .

2) Our club would have to be a *non-profit* fan club! Incredible as it may seem, the only income we at E.C. derive . . . or care to derive! . . . from our efforts comes from the *newsstand* sales of our 10c mags. We actually *lose* a little on *subscriptions*, and make very little on the *annuals* . . . both are primarily offered as services to promote good will! If you readers want a fan club, we're more than happy to oblige . . . but, again, as a *service*, not for profit!

So here's what we've come up with . . .

1) **THE NAME:** As one reader wrote a while back, "E.C. magazines are habit-forming." So what could be more logical than to call the organization, "THE E.C. FAN-ADDICT CLUB"?

2) **THE SET-UP:** The E.C. Fan-Addict Club will consist of the national "parent" organization, and local chapters. *Everyone* who joins will be a member of the *national* organization. In addition, *any group of five or more* prospective members may join as an *authorized chapter* of the national organization. Each such chapter will be assigned a charter number. The name and address of the elected president of each authorized chapter will be made available to all members, so that those who are not already a member of a chapter will be able to join the one nearest them if they wish to.

3) **WHAT YOU GET:** Each member will receive a full-color 7½ by 10½ membership certificate, suitable for framing; a wallet-size membership identification card; a striking membership patch for sweaters, jackets, etc.; and a very distinguished-looking membership pin!

4) **COST OF JOINING:** Membership in THE E.C. FAN-ADDICT CLUB will set you back two bits . . . 25c! This 25c represents the exact cost to us (plus or minus a fraction of a cent!) of one *envelope*, one *stamp*, and the above mentioned four items . . . *certificate*, *card*, *patch*, and *pin*! (The cost of Ruby's and Nancy's loving labor in packing and mailing is lovingly donated by E.C.)

5) **POSSIBLE FUTURE PLANS:** We are considering publishing an E.C. FAN-ADDICT CLUB BULLETIN, containing such features as national and local chapter news; advance inside information on new titles, future stories, and special issues, etc.; articles and stories submitted by members; and a "back-issue trading post!" *Only club members* would be eligible to subscribe, with the price and frequency of publication yet to be decided upon.

We are also considering some sort of "E.C. Surprise-of-the-Month" plan for members. What the surprises might be, and what we might have to clip you for **THIS** one, is also as yet undetermined.

6) **IF YOU'RE STILL INTERESTED:** For an individual membership, send 25c, along with your clearly printed name and address, to:

THE E.C. FAN-ADDICT CLUB
Room 706
225 Lafayette Street
N.Y.C. 12, N.Y.

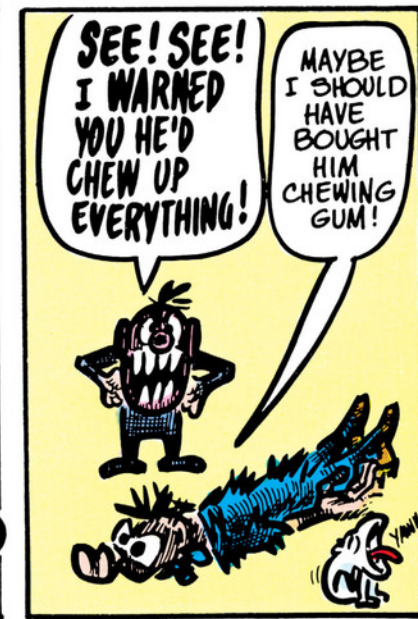
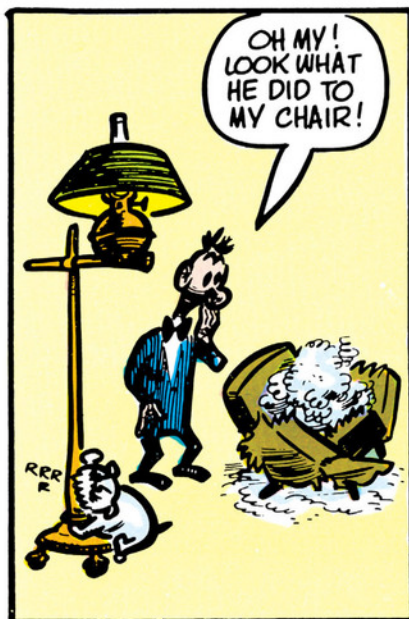
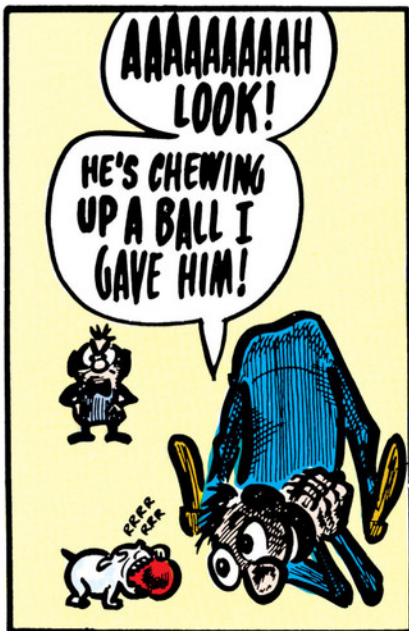
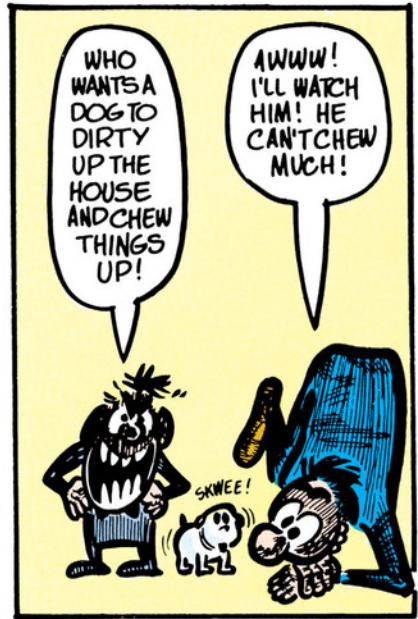
If five or more of you wish to join as an *authorized chapter*, enclose each member's name and address, along with 25c for each name, and indicate the name of the elected president. We will notify each president of his chapter's *charter number* . . . but each chapter member will receive his membership credentials, etc., *individually*.

So that's it! Meet new friends. Make new enemies. See the world. Spend money. Join THE E.C. FAN-ADDICT CLUB!!!

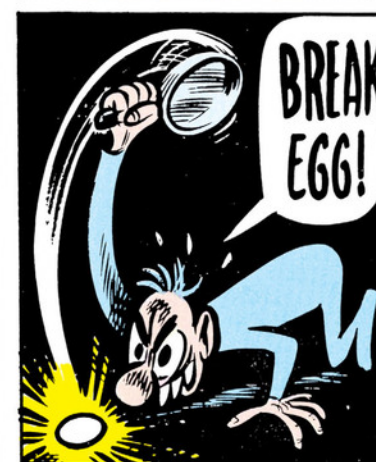
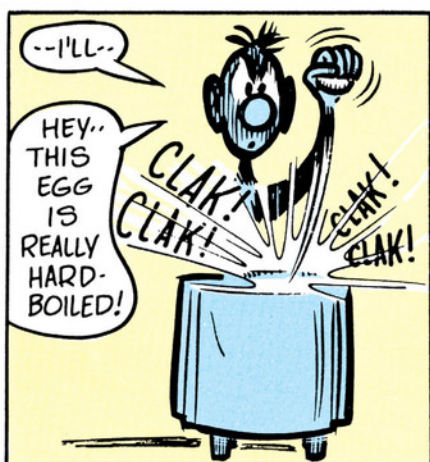
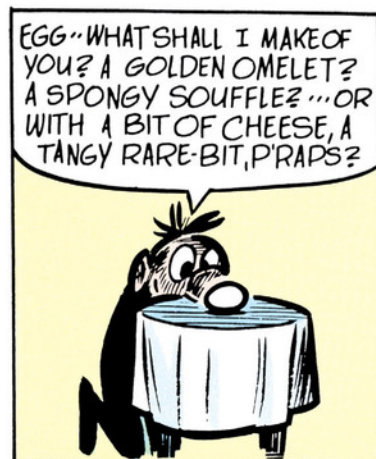
(In honor of the occasion, we will forego the usual subscription plug that 6 issues of this, or any other E.C. mag, cost 75c.—ed.)

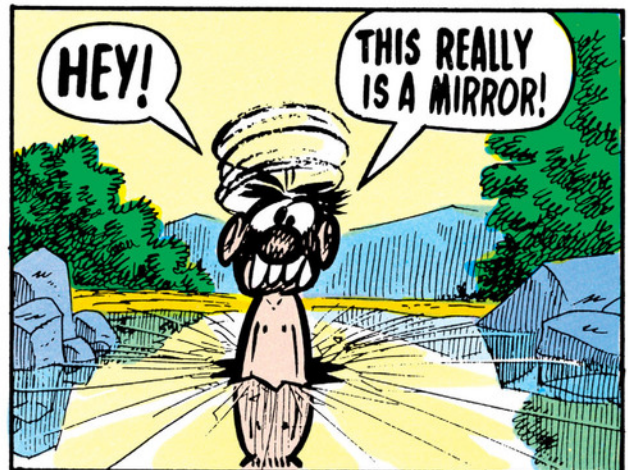
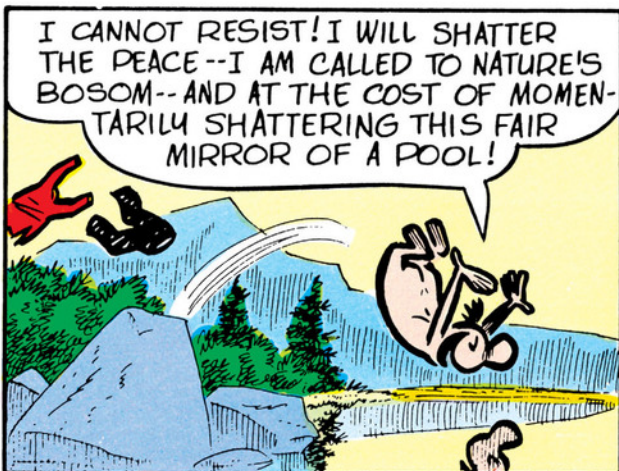
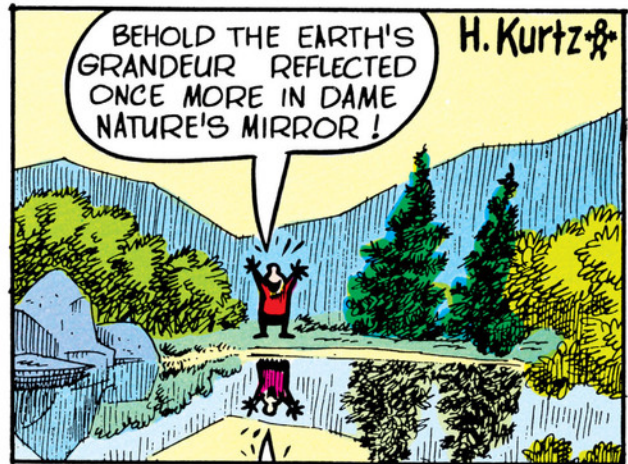
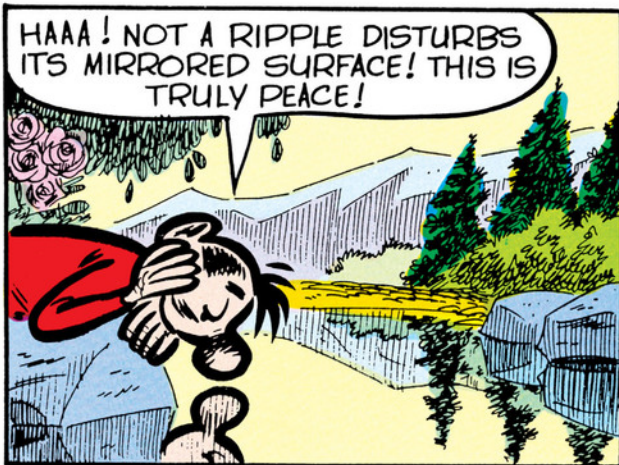
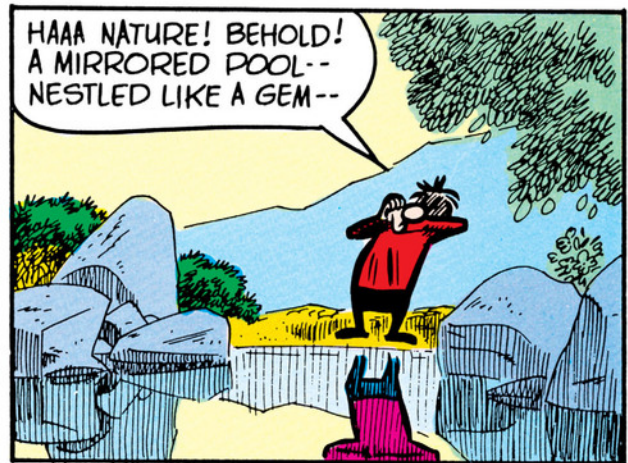
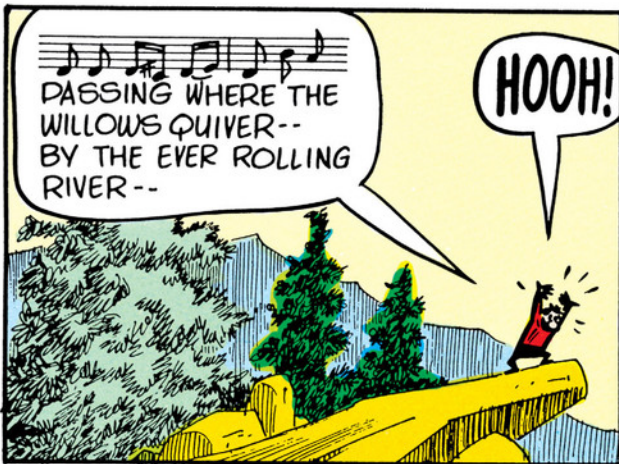
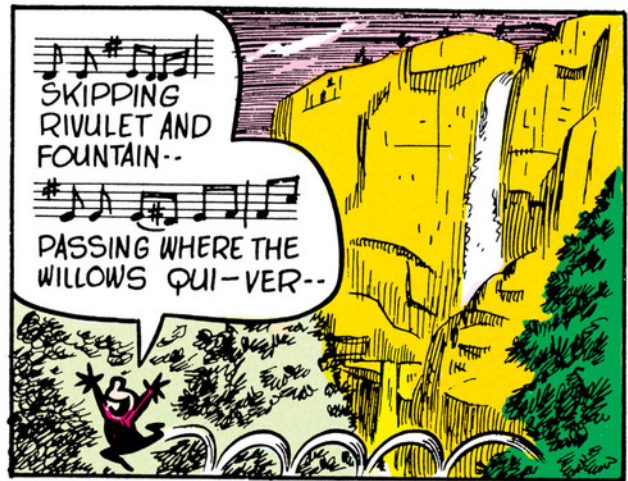
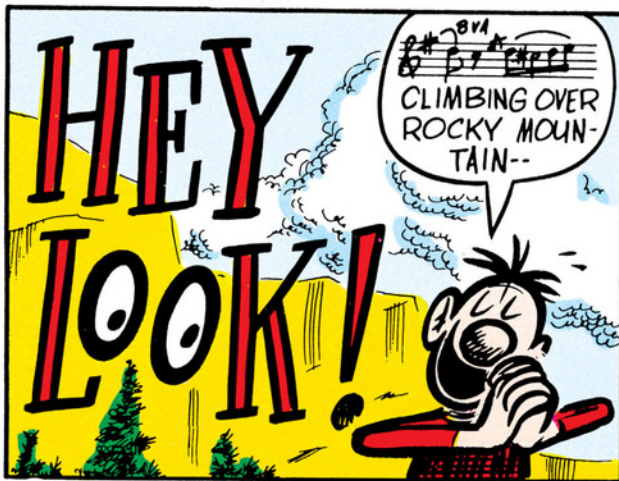
COLLECTORS' ITEM DEPT.:
ON THE FOLLOWING SIX
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YOUR MANAGING EDITOR
FEELS ARE SOME OF THE
BEST EXAMPLES OF THE
EARLY ZANY CREATIONS
OF THAT MASTER OF NON-
SENSE, HARVEY KURTZMAN!
WE KNOW YOU'LL GO MAD
OVER ...

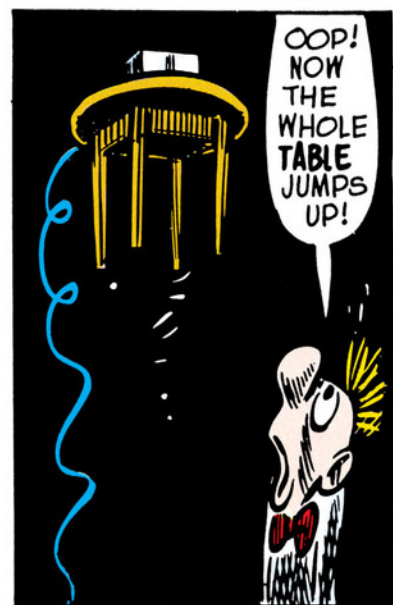
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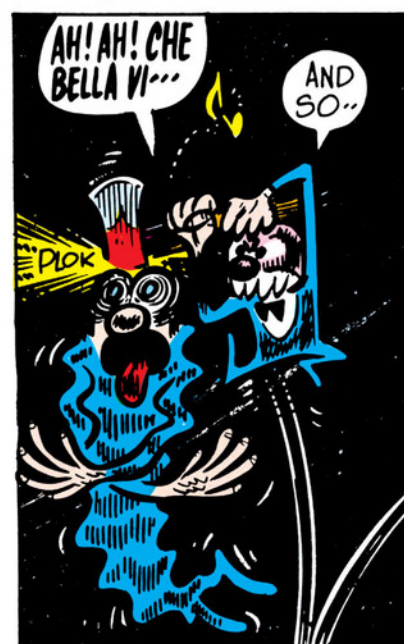
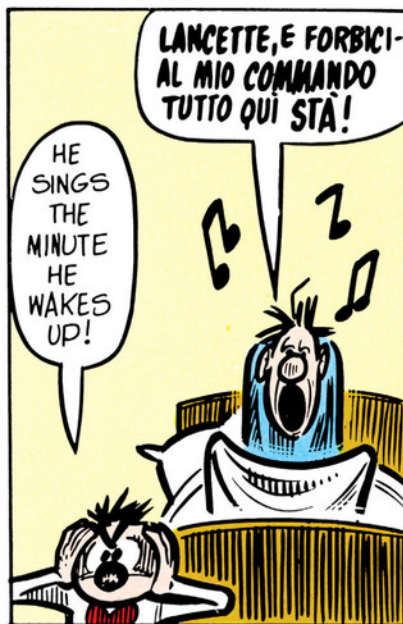
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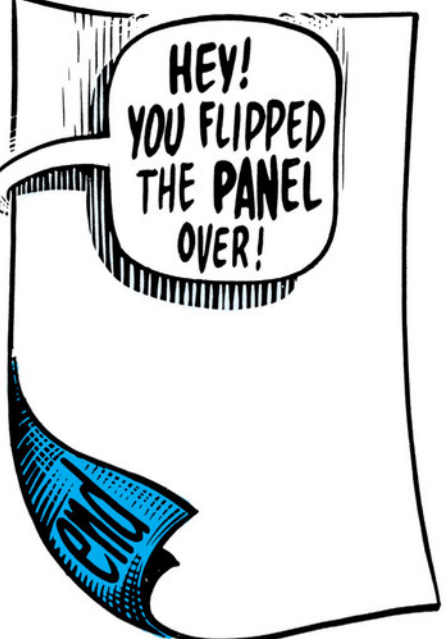
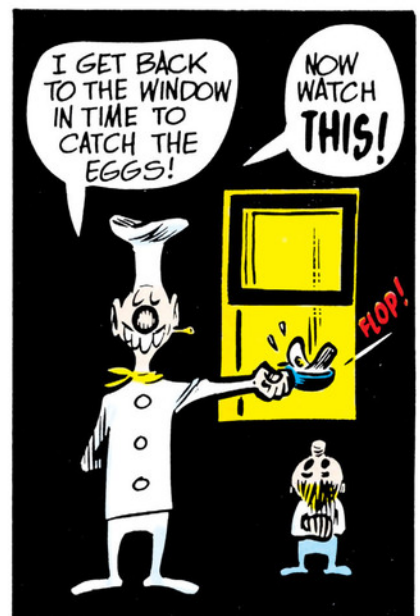
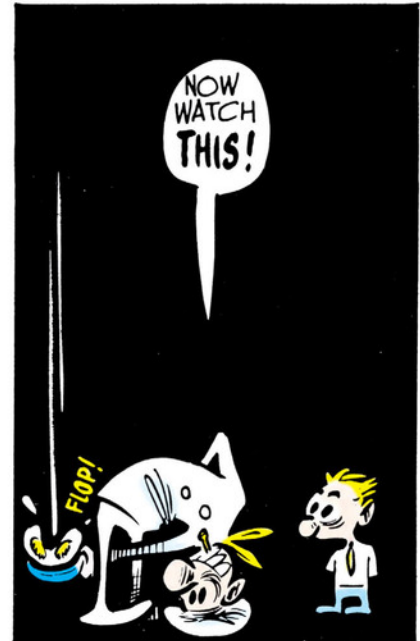
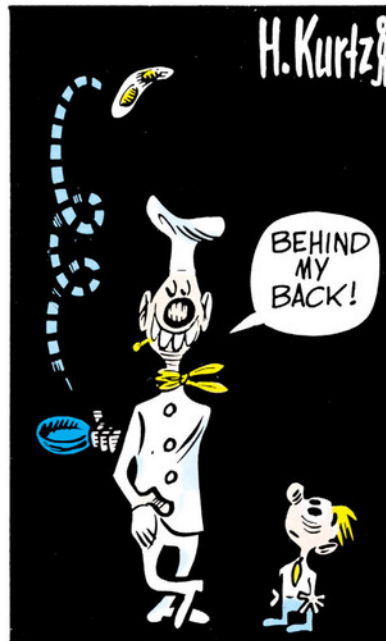
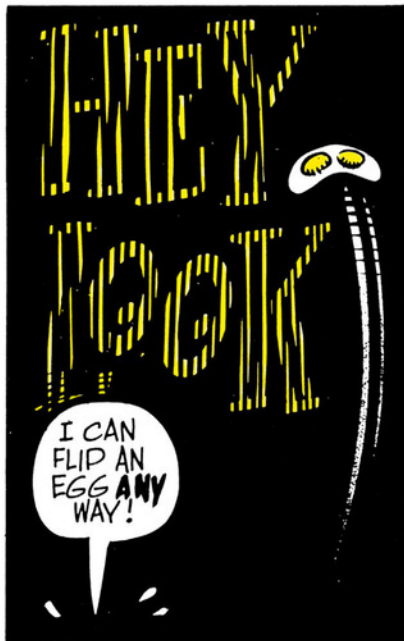






H. Kurtz &





AIRPLANE DEPT.: THIS IS A STORY OF THE MEN WHO GO ALONE INTO THE WILD BLUE YONDER... THE UNSUNG HEROES WHO GO FEARLESSLY, NOT FOR RICHES, NOT FOR GLORY... INTO THE WILD BLUE YONDER... SOME NEVER TO RETURN! AH YES... THE WILD 'BLUE YONDER' BAR AND GRILL, WHERE WE FIND THE HERO OF OUR STORY...

SMILIN' MELVIN!

